Trick for Trick:

OR,

The Debauch'd Hypocrite.

A

COMEDY,

As it is ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal,

By His MAJESTIE's Servants.

Written by *Tho. Durfey*, Gent.

Licenſed, *April* 30th. 1678.

Roger L'Eſtrange.

LONDON,

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PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Haines* in a Red Coat like a Common Souldier.

Since there's a Dearth of Witt, and that to Play,
Is hardly worth one poor Brown George a Day;
I from the Poet, and our Friends within,
Am sent t'intreat, and your last Favours win,
E're we go hence and shall no more be seen.
For my part,——
I'le to the French *Campaigne, where one may get*
A certain Wholsome though a Homely Treat;
Good Oyl and Cooling Sallads, though no meat:
Good Campany, good honest Lowsie Currs.
There's Honour to be got too——Honour, Sirs;
Honour that makes the General's Voice sound loud,
And serves instead of Brandy to the Crowd.
My Spirits are reviv'd; Methinks I hear
A Crew of Fire-fac'd Rogues embattled there,
Whose Motly Noses carry Hope and Fear:
Cry out, Fall on, we shall be Kings, Great Men,
Nay Emperours, the Devil knowes how, and when.
Then Shouting all, advance they to the Siege,
And to the Plunder fall with Priviledge.
Pray tell me then, is it not better farr,
To live abroad when other Nations Jarr,
Then 'mongst our selves to make a Civil Warr?
Are not these Bandaliers, this Sword, this Coat,
Better than Tipstaves, or a Baily's Note?
To day we Play Great Kings, strutt, bounce and sly,
But e're next Morn the Shop's shut up——God buy.
This by your great Unkindness is our Lott,
We share and share, 'tis true——but nothing's got.

Like lab'ring Bees we toyle for Witt, though poor,
Which you like Drones ſuck up, and hum for more,
But bring in nothing to the Winter-Store.
Witt *is forgot; for with you Men of Miſs,*
Sence is unnatural as Marriage is——
Knowledge of this has made me what you ſee,
And if your tempers change not inſtantly,
Comedian Haines *a man of Sword ſhall be.*
'Tis true, my Loyalty is not preſerv'd,
But that in many has for Profit ſwerv'd;
Beſides, 'tis better to be hang'd than ſtarv'd.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR Wilding Frollick —— Major *Mohun.*
Monſieur *Thomas* —— Mr. *Hart.*
Valentine —— Mr. *Griffin.*
Franck —— Mr. *Clark.*
Hylas —— Mr. *Goodman.*
Sir *Peregreen* —— Mr. *Powell.*
Launce —— Mr. *Haynes.*
3 Phyſicians. —— Mr. *Watſon.* Mr. *Coyſh.* Mr. *Perin.*
Servants ——

Cellida —— Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Sabina —— Mrs. *Corbett.*
Lucilla. —— Mrs. *Merchant.*
A Whore —— Mrs. *Farlee.*
Mrs. *Dorothy* —— Mrs. *Knepp.*
4 *Women.* ——

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine *and* Franck.

Val. COme prithee leave this Melancholick humour, *Frank*; Don't diſguiſe thy temper: For if it be Love that cauſes it, as I ſhrewdly gueſs it is——thou doſt ſo richly deſerve to be laugh'd at.

Fra. I am not of your mind, Sir, but I wiſh you'd tell me why.

Val. Why, ſuppoſe it be for a Beautiful Woman—a ſmiling Roſie Charming melting Woman; one that kiſſes with Art, but uſes none—that often ſighs to add more grace to her ſpeech; and ſpeaks never, but to ſhow the perfection of her Mind; that Sings with Skill, and Prayes with Zeal; And never Jilts a Man but to prove her own Innocency. In fine, One that is indeed the Jewel among Women.
Do'ſt thou not know, O Man, O Mortal, doſt thou not perceive that ſhe has all this onely for Men—— ſhowes all her Beauties onely to pleaſe Men—ha! do'ſt thou not know this?

Fra. Not I faith; but I find my ſelf very willing to be Inſtructed.

Val. Well ſaid, and 'faith thou ſha't be inſtructed to ſome purpoſe before I leave thee.

Fra. But prithee how ſhall I know when a Woman loves me, that does, and won't tell it me? my greateſt Ignorance lyes in that.

Val. Oh—well remembred faith—why *Franck*—if ſhe loves thee, when thou art in company with her, thou ſha't ſee her leer upon thee—like a crafty Shop-keeper after a fellow that has bid him money.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Mr. *Hylas* is below, and come to viſit ye.

Val. Hylas? Is he return'd to *England* ſo ſoon?
Well, deſire him to walk up.

Fra. Hylas! I believe I know him——if it be he I mean,
he's a ſhallow fellow, much pleas'd with his own Inconſtancy.

Val. You have hit him, Sir——he now were a fitter Perſon to give thee a Lecture about Women than I; he has been the moſt Inconſtant, and the moſt adventurous Fool in the Town, been abus'd by all ſorts of Women——and yet dares love afreſh.

Fra. A very modiſh Character.

Val. I believe Mad *Tom*'s come back with him, Monſieur *Thomas* as we call him here, for they two have ever yet been Inſeparable; but here he comes.

Enter Hylas.

Ah *Jack!* welcome home 'faith——I am glad to ſee thee with all my heart; how do'ſt thou, ha?

Hyl. 'Faith, very well, the better to ſee my dear *Val* in ſo good a humour——well, and prithee how fare all our Friends, and among the reſt, all the *Bona Roba's* of the Age, ha? Any new faces of late worth a mans obſervance? Come, I know thou art generally acquainted, and thou art ſure thou can'ſt not oblige me more, than by ſuch a relation, what ſay'ſt thou?

Val. Why only this, That to thy boundleſs comfort, the Town's full of e'm; But, for my part, thou know'ſt I want the faculty of Addreſs—I am no Womans Man, *Jack*.

Hyl. How? no Womans Man—ye lie *Val.* d'ee hear? (and give me thy hand) I cannot oblige thee more than to tell thee ſo: But heark ye, is not that *Frank Wellbred*, there?

Val. The ſame; one that I can aſſure you, will be proud to be liſted among your Friends.

Hyl. Will he? and 'faith—I'll do him that honour inſtantly. *Franck*, thy humble Servant,——'faith—I hardly knew thee at firſt—why ſure, thou art plaguily alter'd, or elſe I am:
Thou look'ſt quite another Man, than thou wert formerly.

Fra. Sir——Time blots the neareſt Friends out of our Memories,
And that's the reaſon that makes you think I am alter'd:
But, though I am ſo, I ſee you hold your old humour ſtill,
You are the ſame. That is, as much a fool as ever. (*Aſide.*

Hyl. 'Faith thou art in the right, I am ſo, I am as mad an Inconſtant Debauch'd Son of a Whore as ever I was. Why what a Pox ſhou'd a man

man do poreing, and dreaming out his time for, when he can ſpend it to better advantage; I am for a ſhort life, and a merry, I.

Val. 'Faith, I believe thee, thou art a Latitudinarian in Debauchery; and for Hectring, Bilking, Drinking, and for Wenching, let thee alone.

Hyl. Ah Rogue, for Wenching let me alone, as thou ſay'ſt; For, if any Female ſcapes me, ſhe muſt be a copy of my *Grandame Eve*; for from Fifteen to Five and fifty, I have try'd already.

Fra. Why, well ſaid——what an impudent damn'd lying Rogue is this? (*Aſide.*

Hyl. But now we are talking of Debauchees——Prithee *Val*, Who do'ſt thou think is come over with me?.

Val. Why, it may be, he that went with thee, the *Bully* of *Covent-Garden*, Mad *Tom* of *Covent-Garden*.

Hyl. Why, what a Plaguy gueſs haſt thou?——'faith, thou art in the right, Mad *Tom*, Mounſieur *Thomas* is return'd, 'gad I believe thou art a Conjurer.

Val. No, no, I have only a ſmall Familiar——well—I hope he has brought the ſame Virtues home with him, that he carried out?

Hyl. Ah, more, *Val*, more—he was but a Puny before he went, But now he's grown Arts Maſter—— 'tis ſtrange he has not been here; told me the firſt thing he did, ſhou'd be to Viſit thee.

Val. I have not ſeen him yet, but I hear he has a Father in Town, I ſuppoſe, duty carries him thither firſt.

Hyl. He has ſo; why do'ſt thou not know him? Sir *Wilding Frollick* his own Father to a hair; didſt thou never hear his Character?

Val. No; prithee, what is't?

Hyl. 'Faith, a pleaſant one—why Sir, the Old Knight is three times more debauch't than he, encourages him in it, and provides him Tutors, to teach him the Arts of Playing, Drinking, and Wenching, ſent him to Travel, to learn Experience, he had like to have diſinherited him t'other day, for breaking his aſſignation with—an Old Whore, that was rotten ſeven years before, and was then under the Surgeon's hands; ha, ha.

Fra. A very hopeful Family.

Enter Sabina, *and* Cellide.

Hyl. By St. *Chriſtopher*, rare Creatures! ah! ye little fleering Quean you——Pox on her, what an Eye ſhe has.

Sabin. Brother, pray let me deſire you to receive my Couſin, Sir *Peregrine Goodall*'s Daughter, a worthy perſon, and one that is pleas'd to

give me the honour of her Love, and Acquaintance.

Val. She ſhall command here as my ſelf——Madam, your humble Servant. [*Salutes her.*

Hyl. I muſt have a touch too——fair Saint your moſt——devoted——ah, how it hangs about my Lips. [*Aſide.*

Val. I hope your Father's well, Madam.

Cell. He was three dayes ſince——I have his Letter for ye, will give you full ſatisfaction.

Val. This Favour makes me much his Debtor. [*Reads.*

Lor'd, Madam——what does Sir *Peregreene* mean by all theſe Ceremonies, he deſires you may lodge here with my Siſter, till he comes to Town; and does it here with ſo many reiterated expreſſions of Obligations receiv'd, that it far exceeds the poorneſs of the courteſie——I thought he had known, Madam, that his Commands, rather than Intreaties, had been honours to me——Siſter, pray ſee all things provided for my Couſin, and once more welcome to my houſe.

Cell. You'l find me a bold Gueſt, Sir——but I am no ſtranger to your generous temper.

Sabin. For my part, I am glad for my own ſake, for now I ſhall have ſome Company to go and ſee a Play now and then.

Fra. Your Friend *Val.* is ſtruck dumb, prithee ſpeak to him, he's in a fit ſure.

Val. Heark ye *Jack*——Prithee what think'ſt thou of this Lady,
Is ſhe not tight, cleanly ſhap'd, and well rigg'd, ha?

Hyl. Ay, ay,——wou'd I had her in a Sack at my Lodging,
I deſire no better Company.

Val. But which of e'm do'ſt like beſt? deal faithfully.

Hyl. Why 'faith, to be free with thee, I like e'm both beſt;
I tell ye, I'm a right Rover, I never beſtow all my paſſion upon one Woman, if there be another in the Company;
I don't hold it for good manners.

Val. Why merry be thy heart——what now, Sirrah?

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Monſieur *Thomas* is below, and deſires to kiſs your hands.

Val. Wait on him up; ſo, now for the Entertainment.

Sabin. Heark there, Madam, does not that Sound rejoyce your heart? Monſieur *Thomas*, your old Gallant——that us'd to Court ye with Songs,

Songs, Serenades, Maſques, Fiddles, Fa-la's, and the Devil and all, is return'd from Travel, full of the ſame Virtues he carried with him, and has found you out already.

Cell. I know it—for I unluckily met him, juſt as I was coming out of the Coach, and he wou'd not let me go till I told him where I was to lodge; I know I ſhall be troubled with his former Impertinencies; but if I do not fit him ——

Sabin. Heark! he's coming up—if you han't a mind to ſee him, 'Tis but ſtepping here to this Cloſet, and you may, unknown to him, hear what he ſayes.

Cell. With all my heart.

Hyl. Madam, will my company breed your diverſion, 'faith I'm in Earneſt, deſire to appear ſerviceable to your Ladyſhip.

Cell. Your Wit, Sir, will be better imploy'd another way; Come Couſin, let's go liſten to the Gentleman, no doubt, we ſhall find a great reformation.

Hyl. Why, look ye Gentlemen, this is alwayes my damn'd luck, Pox on't, they won't allow me ſo much as a Leere; but huſh— here comes the Monſieur.

Enter Monſieur Thomas *and* Launce.

Tho. Dear *Val*, let me have thee in my arms, and there give me leave to tell thee, thou art my beſt of Friends—What *Jack*, my Noble Friend, and fellow-Traveller, art thou here too? and my dear *Franck*? nay then, let us incorporate and make one body, our hearts I know are united already—and let me boldly now confeſs I'm proud to mingle with ſuch worth and honour.

Val. Here's your Courtier, Gentlemen——but prithee Friend, let's have no more of this; Ceremony among Friends, betrayes as little Love, as Jeſting among 'em——thou know'ſt I love thee.

Tho. 'Faith, I believe thou doſt—Well Gentlemen, what news then, You that live here in this free thriving Climate,
I'm ſure you can never want that.

Fra. I hear, the King of *Poland* has receiv'd a conſiderable loſs in a Pitch't Battel——but new Succours lately coming in, 'tis thought he will adventure once more.

Hyl. The *Grand Signior*, they ſay, is ſick too.

Tho. Is he? why, let him be damn'd too——prithee, what a Devil have thou and I to do with the Grand *Signior*, or with the King of *Poland*'s

Poland's fighting. Why Gentlemen, you miſtake me; when I ſpoke of News, I did not mean what Accidents, or what Battels have been fought; but what Wine, what merry Songs, what good Company, what Women are abroad? there lyes my Province; T'other is fitter for a Grocer, and ſtinks ſo of a Coffee-houſe I hate it.

Val. Mad *Tom* ſtill I ſee—heark ye, *Jack Hylas* there can help thee to Twenty Women, he's one of their Counſel.

Hyl. I ſaw two not long ago that——

Val. Huſh—Pox on thee, thou wilt diſcover all— but my dear mad Rogue, prithee, what exploits haſt thou perform'd ſince thou haſt been abſent—I'm ſure that ſtory muſt needs be divertive—come, impart.

Tho. Not I 'faith, I have more modeſty than to ſpeak things ſo much in my own praiſe, I thank ye—but if thou knew'ſt all *Val*—Cou'd I but infuſe into thee, the Intrigues, the Rambles, the Serenades, the Quarrels——and the puniſhment attending 'em, which moſt valiantly—and 'faith I think much like a Gentleman, I have undergone, and attempted, 'twere enough to put thee into a Feaver; therefore, in pity to thee I'll deſiſt.

Val. Nay, prithee, if thou doſt not care to ſpeak it thy ſelf,
Let thy Man relate it for thee.

Tho. My Man—why he's the dulleſt Rogue in the World;
We ſhall have it from him, in a Gallamafry of Languages; prithee obſerve him, See, how he looks, he's the moſt Impudent, and withal, the moſt Ignorant Son of a Whore, that ever I met with. A pox on him, he ſticks on me like a Burr, not to be ſhaken off.

Launce. Vat is dis——Vat is de Matra dat they ſtare upon me,
Begar, he be telling ſome dam Lye now.

Fra. Come, prithee, let's hear it from him however, It muſt needs be very divertive.

Tho. Well, for your ſake, I'll try him—You ſhall hear one of my laſt Frollicks at *Paris*.—Come Sirrah, you ſneaking Dog, advance before me, put your face in a Poſture, And then tell it.

Launce. Yes,——with all my heart——Serviteur Gentlemen.

Tho. Come, Sirrah, begin.

Launce. Vell, Vell——preſantly, preſantly——hum——but what muſt me tell ——'tis requiſite I ſhou'd know dat.

Tho. Sirrah, Declare, and with rhetorick, tropes, figures, and ſuch like; for if you pronounce it in your every dayes language, I will make your face plainer by a Noſe, Raſcal—I ſay, Declare to my Friends here my laſt Frollick at *Paris*.

Launce.

Launce. Oh—de Frollick at *Par*—well—now I know what to tell, Let me alone—hum——Gentlemen, the Noble Monſieur my Matra here, going out of his Lodging one Moon-ſhiné Night, with intent to diverta himſelf, with the various Object, he very fortunately met in the Street——Who was it you met in the Street— Jernie I have forgot that.

Tho. A Whore, ye Dog; who ſhou'd a man meet at that time of Night; I told ye what a dull Rogue he was.

Launce. A Whore; right, a Whore—my Membra be a little ſhort, but that's all one—Vel, dis Whore give him the Jogg—as the damn'd Bitch did to me here in *Covent-Garden*—t'other Night. He, as a well-bred Gentleman ſhou'd—followes her, and to ſay truth, the Woman had a great many divertive, Inſcrutable, unintelligable, abominable, Intrinſickable poſtures with her.

Tho. What, what's that, Sirrah—Inſcrutable, Intrinſickable; bleſs me, what ſtuff's this ye Dog?

Launce. Vat is it—why do you not know—why, 'tis Rhetorick as you bid me ſpeak; Jernie—you do not know tropes, and figure, when you hear 'em.

Tho. What think you now—was there ever ſuch an Inſipid Rogue--? you will ſpeak more to the purpoſe, Raſcal, will you not?

Fra. Prithee ſpeak it in another language, or in Engliſh, if thou can'ſt, that we may underſtand the better.

Launce. Speak it in an odra Language?

Hyl. Ay, Plainer, in Engliſh.

Launce. Why, ſo I can Sir, as plain as you if you go to that. Whoo, what a Pox, dee think I can't ſpeak Engliſh?

Tho. Why, ye Impertinent Dog, muſt I be play'd with all this while; ſpeak quickly, or I will ſo——

Launce. Well, well, Lord you are very Cholerick; ſo as I was ſaying, Gentlemen, my Maſter going along with this Gentlewoman——

Tho. This Gentlewoman—what Gentlewoman—?this Whore—Rogue, this Whore—Sirrah, let me have no corruption of Notions—But ſpeak every thing in its Nature—by this Light, Gentlemen, a ſcurvy Suburb Whore, that ſmelt of nothing but Tobacco, and Brandy.

Launce. Well, to be ſhort, going farther, we met a Company of fellowes attended by a blind Harper, and a Taber and Pipe, they were bringing along 3 or 4 Bears that were the next day to be baited, my Maſter preſently bargains with 'em for a Piſtol to carry this Gentlewoman—this Whore I mean, in triumph home to her Lodging upon one.

one of the Bears, ha, ha—ſhe was eaſily perſwaded; for the truth is, ſhe was a little too Maudlin to be refractory; my Office was to be Marſhal, to keep the Boyes from throwing Eggs, and Tirnups, and he was the Orator to declare her quality—and Virtues—but had you ſeen the Rabble ſhouting, the noiſe that the blind Harper, and Taber and Pipe made, my Maſter bawling, the Whore ſinging, and I quarelling among the Boyes, you wou'd have bleſt your ſelf. Heark ye Sir, ſhall I tell now how you were beaten, and thrown into a Ditch coming home too?

Val. Ha! what's that, thrown into a Ditch?

Tho. Ay, ay—a ſawcy fellow. I threw him into a Ditch, for taking the Wall of me—Sirrah, not a word more of that, as you expect to eat agen—— [*Aſide.*

Launce. Mum, I have done——O Lord, not eat agen?

Sabin. Dee hear this Couſin? here's your reform'd Gentleman.

Cell. He has Travell'd to fine purpoſe, if this be all he has learnt; I'm glad I've heard this, I might have been miſtaken elſe.

Tho. Sirrah, go you inſtantly to my Father, and tell him I'm return'd, And ſift his Inclination handſomely, that I may know whether his old humour hold, or no; away, by that time you have prepar'd him a little, I'll come, and proſecute; I muſt have a trick upon him, or I ſhall get no money.

Launce. I am gone Sir—his Father if he be not chang'd ſince I ſaw him laſt, is ten times madder than he; 'tis a ſtrange World this! in a Young Man 'tis Natural, but that an Old Fellow ſhou'd be ſo debauch'd—mercy on us, how can he hope to be ſav'd? [*Exit* Launce.

Tho. Well Gentlemen, what think you of my Frollick?

Fran. 'Faith, 'twas very extravagant, yet gave occaſion for Mirth enough.

Tho. Ah, I have a thouſand of 'em, and as many Miſtreſſes to play upon; but now I talk of Miſtreſſes, I thought I ſhou'd have ſeen one of 'em here before now, my Old Love, *Val.* Madam *Cellide*, I met her yeſterday, and ſhe told me, ſhe was to lodge here.

Val. She will not be long from hence, Sir.

Enter Cellide *and* Sabina.

Cell. They have my name in queſtion, and I'll hear what he ſayes of me a little nearer.

Hyl. I have the honour to have ſome little knowledge of her; But prithee *Tom*, how has ſhe entertain'd thee ſince thy return? for I remember you were alwayes quarrelling together formerly.

Tho.

Tho. Ay, that's true, but let me tell you Friend, the caſe is alter'd now; Why, though we were fallen out, and I have not ſeen her theſe ſix Moneths, yet I prevail'd with her yeſterday to go to the Tavern with me.

Val. How, to th' Tavern?

Cell. Heaven! what a ly's this! was ever ſuch Impudence!

Sabin. Huſh, hear more.

Tho. To th' Tavern? Ay, to th' Tavern--and faith, between you & I, took off her Bumper as roundly and heartily as one of us cou'd; And believe me, I had a great deal of Joy to ſee't.

Val. Ha, ha, ha —— why then I ſee ſhe cou'd diſpence with her Modeſty, to give compliance to your Love.

Tho. Modeſty, what's that, prithee?

Val. Why a Virtue that is as neceſſary for young Ladies as their Beauty.

Tho. Is it, well, I thank Fortune, and her Education, ſhe underſtands nothing of it——No, no, ſhe's all free and charming—ah! had'ſt thou but ſeen her Eyes ſparkling, her Breaſt panting, her Sighs flowing, her Body trembling, and her Arms twining about me——
Ah Rogue——what a Pox, that is not ſhe I hope! *Throwes his Arms upon* Val, *ſees* Cellide, *and ſtarts.*

Val. By my faith it is, now I think on't, the very ſhe, the ſame Obliging, Loving, Flexible Creature you ſpoke of.

Tho. Umph——I am in a fine Condition. [*Playes with his Hat.*

Cell. Impudent Detractor! how dare you blaſt a Ladyes Reputation thus! I at the Tavern? I Kiſs ye, and Claſp ye in my Arms? No, I'd ſooner do't to my Footman; and were I not certain that theſe Gentlemen know me better, than to believe a word thou haſt ſaid, I wou'd not ſleep, till I were reveng'd.

Tho. So,—— will the Devil never leave theſe tricks?

Cell. It ſeems, 'tis now your cuſtome to abuſe Ladies, but let me tell ye Sir, and with an anger juſt, and warranted, I am none of thoſe eaſie Creatures that will ſuffer ſuch affronts,
My Education and Modeſty are both proofs againſt that, I aſſure ye.

Sabin. She carries it well—but if he knew how well ſhe lov'd him, We ſhou'd have better ſport.

Tho. Why, Hang me, Madam, if I meant any hurt,
'Tis onely a damn'd way of expreſſing my ſelf, which I have got.

Cell. Curſe on your debauch'd Phraſes——muſt my defamation be your way to expreſs your ſelf, you Impudent, baſe fellow?

Tho. Why faith, the truth is, I am a very Impudent fellow,
This debauch'd World leads us all aſtray.

Cell. This was certainly a very new way of Courtſhip, or cou'd you Imagine I wou'd be taken with the Wit on't, when I ſhou'd happen to hear your Character of me? whatever you think, I know my own mind, and 'tis a queſtion, whether any of your future ſervices will ever be ſtrong enough to blot this affront out of my memory.

[*Exeunt* Cellide *and* Sabina.

Tho. Bounce——there goes the Cannon——ha, ha——
She was in a plaguy heat Gentlemen, ha, was ſhe not?

Val. It ſeems ſo——but what a damn'd lying Rogue art thou,
To ſay thou had'ſt her at a Tavern?

Hyl. Ay, and that ſhe kiſs'd him——and claſpt him in her Arms, and drank a Bumper to his health at her firſt coming in.

Fra. 'Twas well ſhe came in, and hinder'd ye before you cou'd go further, Certainly you muſt needs have been founder'd, elſe your lye wou'd have been diſcover'd.

Tho. No 'faith, all on't was no lye——but I muſt confeſs t'ee, under the Roſe here, I did ſtretch a little, as a good teller of a Story ſhou'd;—for a man can no more tell a good Story, without enlarging upon his Jeſt——than a Poet can make a good Play, without enlarging upon his Plot.

Val. Nay, let thee alone to bring it off, be it what it will;
But come, if thou wilt go in with me, I'll give thee thy Welcome to Town.

Tho. No, I have buſineſs elſewhere; Nor muſt this angry Beauty ſleep in her diſpleaſure——but firſt to my Father——and whatever you hear of my Actions, Gentlemen, Not a word of my Humour; for though to you I appear a Mad, Wild, *Monſieur*; To him I muſt be *Ananias*——Walk thus——Look thus——Spit thus——I have a Plot in't, and you'l find it your diverſion, if you think it worth your patience; for the preſent, Adieu.

Val. Farewell Wild Oates.

Tho. Now to my Sober Look; thus oft we ſee,
The Plodding Fool's the greateſt Debauchee. [*Exit.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Wilding *and* Launce.

Sir Wild. SIrrah, no more of your *French* ſhruggs, I adviſe you. If you are Lowſie, ſhift your ſelf.

Launce. Looſie——Vat a diable——me Looſie——why *Monſieur*——do you underſtand who you ſpeak too——me Looſie? Jernie, that is fine indeed.

Sir Wild. Let me have no more of your *French* Grimaces, Rogue, But fetch your Maſter, your Maſter, and my Son, body o'me Sir, No money, No more money, *Monſieur Launce*, not a deneer Sweet *Signior*, but bring me inſtantly my Boy, my mad *Tom*, Monſieur *Thomas*, or get you gone agen; *Dugat a Whee Sir*, *Baſa mi cu*, good *Launcelot*, *Valetote*, my Boy, or Nothing.

Launce. Why ſo you ſhall, Sir——but you won'not hear me, becauſe you ſpeak all your ſelf——what a damn'd dull Old fellow this is!

Sir Wild. Why then Sirrah be facetious, and ſpeak quickly, and do not mop, nor mow, nor draw your mouth into a damn'd Poſture; Sirrah, I hate all poſtures; I ſay be facetious, and quick.

Launce. Jernie, why ſo I will be facetious and quick, if you wou'd holda your Tongue; begar *Monſieur*, you have the moſt Eternal Clack--You will let no body ſpeaka but your ſelf.

Sir Wild. Be brief Rogue, be brief.

Launce. Why then—becauſe your Worſhips Vulgar Judgment ſhall meeta me at the neareſt——Your Son, my Matra, or Mounſieur *Thomas*, is at laſt arriv'd to ask your (as the worthy *French*-man call it) *Benediction de jour en jour.*

Sir Wild. Sirrah, do not conjure me with your *French* Furies.

Launce. Che dit a vou, Monſieur.

Sir Wild. Che doga vou raſcal, leave your damn'd rotten language, and tell me plainly where your Maſter is, and why he does not come—or—ſhall I crack your *French* Crown? Sirrah—I have maintain'd you and your *Monſieur* theſe two years at your *Ditty vous*, your *Jours*, Jour me no more; for not another penny ſhall paſs my purſe till *Thomas* comes himſelf; then, if I find him profited, the Wild, the Wanton, the Mad *Tom* I wiſh him—he ſhall not want the means, whilſt I have any; do not anſwer me, unleſs in Engliſh, Sirrah.

Launce. Engliſh--Well, and ſo I will, and let me tell ye, that 'faith hee'l fit you to a hair——Sir, he was the moſt debauch'd Fellow in *Paris*

when he was there, ſuch Roaring, ſuch Revelling, ſuch Serenading, and ſuch Whoring; Oh he's a fine man.

Sir Wild. Why this is comfort now——there's for thy News; why now I like thee——but Sirrah, is he ſuch a mad Rogue ſtill? Is he my blood, and bones, ha?

Launce. I and other Peoples blood and bones too Sir, let me tell you, that——heark ye Sir——give me a Crown to make my ſelf drunk With drinking your health to Night, and I'll tell you—— ſomething of him ſhall make you merry at heart,

Sir Wild. Wilt thou? by *Bacchus* I'll do't then——there—— Come, I ſtand on thorns to hear it, what is't, what is't?

Launce. Why Sir——he has had ſince we left *England* by Citizens Wives, and their Daughters, private Ladies, and Night Adventurers—— Another half Crown Sir——or I can't in conſcience tell it elſe.

Sir Wild. Nay, prithee *Launce*——'faith, now thou'rt too hard——

Launce. Too hard——why, 'tis worth a Pound Sir; 'Faith you ſhou'd not have it ſo cheap, but that ye are my Friend.

Sir Wild. Pox on thee for a Rogue—there 'tis—come be brief now, What new Prank has the Rogue plaid, ha?

Launce. Why Sir—by theſe Women, which I have already mention'd to you, he has had ſince you ſaw him laſt—— 4 Baſtards, ha, ha.

Sir Wild. Four? has he 'faith? ha, ha, ha, by *Bacchus*, a brave Boy. Four? ha, ha——I am overjoy'd to hear this; But how *Launce*, how?

Launce. Why Sir, one of 'em was begot in a Cobler's Stall, Which he broke open for the purpoſe.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha——So——

Launce. Another Sir, upon the Back-Stairs at the *Louvre*, And the other two in a Church.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha——better and better—I am grown young agen at this News——four?——Cock of four——ha, ha,—— a Raſcal ifaith. [*Jumps about.*

Launce. Huſh Sir, here he comes——Mum, not a word of this I have told ye.

Enter Monſieur Thomas.

Sir Wild. What, my Boy——mad *Tom*——Monſieur *Thomas*, I am glad ifaith to ſee thee, I have wiſht for thee, *Tom*, for you wild *Thomas*——*Tom*, I thank thee heartily for coming home.

Tho. Be pleas'd to give me your Bleſſing Sir—— [*Sighs*

Sir Wild. Thou haſt it, *Tom*, may'ſt thou live, and multiply

till

till thou art a hundred and ten; and as thou art now Cock of four, may'ſt thou be Cock of Fifty, and ſound ones.
I have pray'd for thee, and hope thou art the better for't.

Tho. Sir, I do find your Prayers have much prevail'd above my Sins.

Sir Wild. How's this, Sins!——what Sins, *Tom?*

Tho. Elſe ſurely I had periſht with my rudeneſs.

Sir Wild. Ha.——

Tho. E're I had won my ſelf to that diſcretion, I hope you ſhall hereafter find——

Sir Wild. What——diſcretion, oons is it come to that, Sirrah? *Launce*——Dog——is this the reformation, is this your Cock of four?

Launce. Lord Sir, what dee mean, why you miſtake your Father clearly; Why, he's as debauch't as you Sir, he likes it in ye, and will cheriſh it, good Sir, unmask, unmask.

Tho. Sirrah you Rogue——look for't, for I will make thee ten times more miſerable than thou thought'ſt thy ſelf before thy Travel; Thou haſt told my Father, I know it, and I find it, all my Rogueries by meer way of prevention, to undo me.

Launce. Sir, as I ſpeak Eight Languages, I onely told him you came to ask his Benediction——*de jour en jour.*

Tho. But that 'tis my duty to be civil now—— I wou'd beat thee like a Dog.

Launce. The Devil's in him——this is another Whim now, but I'll be gone, for I'm ſure the Old Man's Fingers itch at me, and I think, 'tis not fit that Learning ſhou'd be beaten. [*Exit.*

Tho. However, Sir, the time I have miſ-ſpent, may make you doubtful, Nay harden your belief gainſt my Converſion.

Sir Wild. Forgive me!——Converſion!——this is worſt of all—— O Pox on Travel, I ſay.

Tho. Yet, dear Father, your own experience in my after-courſes, and obſervation of my Life and Carriage, may yield ſome ſatisfaction; for I'll reform my ſelf in every thing: I won'not be drunk, nor ſwear, nor Wench, Pray forgive me Sir, Indeed I will no more be ſo forgetful, hah. [*Sighs.*

Sir Wild. Ha——the Devil ha ye, and the Pox too——ſpoyl'd, quite ſpoyl'd, for ever loſt; a Plague of Travel,
If this be the fruits on't.

Tho. Let not your Ears be open to my Enemies, he leads an ill life Sir, that never mends——there are a ſort of ſober Men i'th Town, which

which the Rabble call Phanaticks; theſe I will follow to inſtruct my ſelf——and you ſhall ſee me mount the lofty Hogshead, and teach, and preach, and ſing, and ſay, and pray,——

Sir Wild. And ha, and Yea, and Nay, and Fool, and Aſs, and Coxcomb. [*Mocks him.*

Tho. Ay, ay Sir——you have reaſon to be angry, but let Religion tell ye I am your Son, Sir.

Sir Wild. Ye lye Sir, and get you out of my doores—— I diſclaim ye; Undone, without redemption! hang him, he'l drink by Thimbles full—like a ſneaking Raſcal—how the Devil have I ſinn'd, that this affliction ſhou'd light ſo heavy on me? Well, I'll go ſeek an Heir—— I am reſolv'd on't, for my Inheritance muſt not turn Secretary; my Name and Quality has kept my Land three hundred years in Madneſs—and if it ſlip now, may it ſink for ever—But firſt, I'll find out this lying Rogue, this Dog, this *Launce*, that took my money, and then fool'd me—I'll find him, and I'll cudgel him to Mummy. [*Exit.*

Tho. Ha ha ha, this verifies the Old Proverb,
No Impudence like that hid under the Vizor of Zeal.
A ſudden compliance will now make him part from his Eſtate more willingly, but the time is not come yet—— I muſt amuſe him a little longer——my dear Siſter——I am glad to to ſee thee, did'ſt thou meet my Father?

Enter Mrs. Dorothy.

Dor. Yes, but very angry to my thinking.

Tho. 'Faith, he does ill in't, for I was uttering a handſome ſpeech or two—— I have been ſtudying e're ſince I come from *Paris*; but how do'ſt thou, ha?

Doro. Very well, and gladder to ſee you, and with more Love, I dare affirm it, than my Father's ſorry, to ſee, as he ſuppoſes, your Converſion; I am ſure he is vext to'th' Heart.

Tho. Piſh.

Doro. Nay, I know it, He has pray'd againſt it ſtrongly.

Tho. I warrant thee, let me alone—— I can bring all off when I liſt, and yet be mad too; ah *Doll*, ever take a Traveller for a Plot—— but hark ye, I have a little buſineſs for thee.

Doro. Yours, is my buſineſs, ſpeak, and be obey'd;
You know I can deny you nothing.

Tho. Ah poor Soul! 'Faith, thou art a dear Rogue to me;
Well, you partly may gueſs this; 'tis concerning my Old Miſtreſs, Madam *Cellide*.

Doro.

Doro. Oh Sir, are you there already—— what, ſome ſmall affront to her I'll lay my life—— and I'm to be Arbitrator.

Tho. 'Faith thou art in the right——and 'tis but a ſmall matter—— but you know ſhe's ſo pettiſh——

Doro. Some lye—— or defamation of her, I'll lay my life.

Tho. No, faith, no, a petty buſineſs, a ſlight matter; but however, to make all well agen—I have writ her a Letter here, and my Suit to thee, is to be Emiſſary—thou canſt hit her humour right, and I'm ſure will put in a Word or two (by the by) for me, for old acquaintance ſake.

Doro. Well Sir, I'll do what I can, but I aſſure ye, ſhe has heard of all your mad Tricks, the Gambols you have play'd ſince your departure, in every Town you came, your ſeveral Miſchiefs, your Rowſes, and your Wenches; all your Quarrels too, and the no cauſes of 'em—— Your fame came over before ye.

Tho. Whoo Pox—lyes, damn'd lyes— prithee tell her I am converted now; Not like the man I was: Thou had'ſt a pretty faculty of ſwearing once, Prithee try—Pox, what's an Oath or two to oblige a Brother—— Pſhaw, pſhaw, 'tis nothing— I'll ſwear an hour together for thee at any time.

Doro. A very friendly offer; Well Sir, though I will not promiſe ye to ſwear as you requeſt--yet perhaps I may do your buſineſs as well.

Tho. Wilt thou?—why a bleſſing on thy heart, and 'faith to requite thee, if there be e're a tall, handſome, Well ſett brisk Fellow——better than ordinary about Town, I'll get him for thee, that thy buſineſs may be done too.

Enter Boy.

How now Sirrah, what News?

Boy. Madam, there's two Ladies below come to Viſit ye.

Doro. Ten to one 'tis they, and my trouble of going is ſav'd; Tell her I'll come.

Tho. I'll not be ſeen—'twill look like modeſty in me, and play but thy part now dear Rogue, and command me for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Cellide *and* Sabina.

Cellid. What, ſtill this moping alone my dear—why ſure you have forgot what diverſion or good Company means, or do ye intend to turn Nun, and exclude your ſelf from the World, and now practiſing Auſterity?

Doro. Neither of theſe aſſure your ſelf; for firſt, I love Company too well, to take my ſelf from 'em, that am or deſire to be a Conſiderable Subject; and ſecondly, I love my ſelf too well to exclude it from pleaſing

ſing Society, through any averſion I have for the World, or any paſſion for the Nunnery you ſpeak of.

Cellide. I am very glad I am miſtaken; but hearkee, do'ſt thou want e're a Trick, a Deſign, a Plott, to bubble thy Servant, or ſo?

Doro. Not I indeed—but how dee mean to Bubble him?

Cell. Why, cauſe him to ſtand in the Snow at thy Chamber Window all Night long, to make him temperate—or make him Jump over thy Turky Chairs in the Parlour, and break his Shins, to try his Activity—or tye his hands behind him, and then break his head with the Hilt of his own Sword, to try his Valour, and Patience;—or haſt thou occaſion for a Lye—a Womans Lye? that is, a loud, malitious—ſwinging lye—a lye that has ſtuff enough, and is not ſpoil'd in the making—if thou haſt, ſpeak, and if I do not fit thee.

Dor. Well, when I want, I'll not fail to make uſe of your offer. But I am now imploy'd upon a buſineſs—and though you think me ſo retir'd a Perſon, to ſay truth, I was juſt going out before you came, and coming to you, I have a Letter for ye.

Cell. A Letter?

Sabin. A Billet Doux—from ſome unknown Gallant I warrant that was ſurpriz'd in the Country.

Doro. No, he was ſurpriz'd in Town, I can aſſure you that, and he's a Relation of mine.

Cell. Oh, are ye thereabouts—nay then I begin to ſmell the Jeſt, There is a Wild *Monſieur*, a Brother of yours—that's newly return'd from Travel, one that I confeſs has a better faculty at lying, than I have; and for defaming Ladies, debauching their Women, beating Conſtables, breaking Glaſs Windows—the moſt accompliſh'd that ever came from *Paris*.

Doro. For what he has done, I have nothing to ſay, but onely for what he is now; and though I am his Siſter, I dare aſſure you, never was man ſo much alter'd in ſo ſhort a time; he is grown the moſt ſober, civil, well behav'd, courteous Man you ever ſaw—Prithee read the Letter, there you'l find more of him.

Sabin. 'Tis a riddle to me he ſhou'd be ſo, he was yeſterday quite another thing to my knowledge; and to leap in an inſtant from an exceſs of Wildneſs, to the extream of Temperance, is to me a Miracle.

Cell. Ha, ha, ha, I thought as much—his Letter ſpeaks a very civil, reform'd Creature indeed; read it, ha, ha.

Sabin. What, Complement, I warrant, ſome Wretched piece of Poetry.

Cell. Oh, an Excellent piece—ha, ha, ha. *Mrs.*

Mrs. Dor. *Reads.* *Dammee Madam* —If I were a Poet, I wou'd be more Elegant; *But confound me*, you know I am not; Was ever ſuch a thing writ?—is this his modeſty in the devils name?

Cell. Well, what think ye now, is not the Gentleman a great Convert?--ha,ha,ha,--there is an Old Proverb, *What is bred in the Bone, will never*--you underſtand me, and therefore prithee trouble thy ſelf with no more Embaſſies, but next time, let him make his Addreſs himſelf—Come, put on thy Scarf, and let us take a pair of Oars to *Fox-Hall*, 'Tis a fine Evening, and I know we ſhall be merry.

Sabin. Well, what you pleaſe— but in my opinion the Park is the better place of the two: What thinkeſt thou, my Dear?—hey day, why thou art not grown Melancholick about this ſimple Letter, art?—Come, prithee ſing us a *Scotch* Song, I know thou art good at it.

Scotch Song.

ABroad as I was walking upon a Summer Day,
There I met with a Beggar-woman cloathed all in gray;
Her Clothes they were ſo torn, you might have ſeen her skin.
She was the firſt that taught me to ſee the Golin.
Ah ſee the Golin, my Jo, ſee the Golin.

2.

You Youngſters of delight, pray take it not in ſcorn,
She came of Adam's *Seed, though ſhe was baſely born:*
And though her Cloathes were torn, yet ſhe had a Milk-white skin,
She was the firſt, &c.

3.

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moyſt Hand,
With which ſhe might compare to any Lady in the Land;
Ruby Lips, Cherry Cheeks, and a Dimpled Chin,
She was the, &c.

4.

Whan that ay had wooed her, and wad her twa my will,
Ay could not then deviſe the way to keep her Baby ſtill.
She bid me be at quiet, for ſhe valued it not a Pin,
She was, &c.

5.

Then ſhe takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel in Clothes,
And then ſhe takes a Golin and ſtuck between her Toes;

And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any Din,
She ſhook her Foot and cry'd my Jo, *ſee the Golin.*
Ah ſee the Golin my Jo, *ſee the Golin.*

Cell. Heark! what's the matter? [*A noiſe within.*

Sir *Wild.* Rogue——Dog, Lying Raſcal. [*within.*

Dor. Tis my Father's voice, he's angry with ſome body, Come, let's be gone; for if he ſees me, I ſhall not get out theſe two hours. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Wilding, *beating* Launce.

Sir *Wild.* Sirrah, am I to be baffled?——muſt I give Money to give your Dogſhip occaſion to laugh at me in a Corner: What, I am a Fool, am I? fit to be bubbled?—no Rogue, Inſtead of tutoring your Maſter, I find you have ſpoil'd him.

Launce. Ay, ſpoila him——make a dat out——Jernie, I can bring ſufficient Evidence, he did ſpoila me the firſt week I came to him——You don't remember when he made the Ten Whores in *Whetſtones* Park ſtand every one on their heads upon Quart-Pots, you are Ignorant of that, but I'm ſure I remember it; for I got a damn'd clap dat time, which I cou'd never claw off ſince: beſides, how cou'd I ſpoila him?

Sir Wild. Oh, I'll tell you how, Sirrah——firſt, thou haſt taught him, like an Inſipid Raſcal, to read perfectly, which, on my bleſſing I warn'd him from; for I knew, if he came to read once, he was a loſt Man. Secondly, Sir *Launcelot*, Sir Lowſie *Launcelot*——You have ſuffer'd him againſt my power, firſt then——againſt my Precept——to keep that ſort of People company, which ſober Men call civil, mark ye that Sir.

Launce. Why then, the Divla fetch me, if to my knowledge he does not hate all Civil Company; he never was civil in his life, nor never will be——Oons I ſaw him break a Parſon's head t'other day but for praying him to be Civil to his Wife, whom he was going to be uncivill to before his face.

Sir Wild. Nay, nay, I know you have your come offs and your lyes, But it ſhan't do, this is like your Cock of Four, Sirrah, I remember that your Cock——but I'll make you Cock of Five before we part; I'll teach you to play your Tricks with me.

Launce. Vat trick?——me play no trick——begar 'tis he dat do play all the trick——is dere no hole, or Corner?

Sir Wild. Thirdly, and laſtly Sirrah——which if the Law were here I'd hang thee for—— (however I will lame thee) Like a Raſcal thou haſt

haſt wrought him —— clean to forget what 'tis to do a miſchief —— a handſome miſchief, and ſuch as thou know'ſt I love well; my Servants are all ſound now, my Drink ſower'd, not a Horſe pawn'd, or plaid away; no Warrants come for the breach of Peace; Men Travel with their Money, Nothing meets 'em: I was accurs'd to ſend thee with him, thou wer't ever leaning to Lazineſs, and loſs of ſpirits, and ſleep'ſt ſtill like a Cork upon the Water.

Launce. O Lord, O Lord, I ſleep —— why Sir, all the Town knowes that next to him — there is not ſuch a debauch'd — Lew'd Fellow in Chriſtendom as I am —— I may thank him for't, if I am damn'd. Why Sir, did you never hear of my Aſtrology?

Sir Wild. Thy Aſtrology? — dull Rogue, thou wou'dſt make a rare Aſtrologer!

Launce. Vat — you mock me then — a curſed ſimple old fellow this, Yes Sir, I tell ye I am fam'd for Aſtrology —— I can tell any Woman her fortune, and her conſtitution too, whether hot, or dry; or cold, or moyſt; or whether ſhe is honeſt, or diſhoneſt — Jernie, if I can get her alone with me, I'll quickly tell her, whether ſhe is a Whore, or no.

Sir *Wild.* I tell ye, I know you can prate well enough, but that ſhe-ſhan't ſave ye —— ha —— is that *Tom* — No, that ——

Enter Thomas.

ſneaking, ſnivelling Puppy can ne're be Monſieur *Thomas*, ſure: Turn you yonder, Sirrah —— and ſee who's there; there's your Reformer —— does he look like a Cock of four, ye Dog?

Tho. What ſweet content dwells here?

Launce. Oons, put up your Book Sir! What, what's this *Baxters Call*? *Baxter's Coxcomb* —— here, here — give't me, and here's *Aratine*'s Book of Poſtures for ye — take it, We are all Undone elſe.

Tho. Oh profane Rogue — there Sirrah, for ye. [*Strikes him.*

Launce. Oh! what ſhall I do, I ſhall be murder'd at this rate.

Sir *Wild.* *Tom*, When is the Horſe-Race?

Tho. I know not, Sir.

Sir *Wild.* No — why, you'l be there I hope?

Tho. Not I — I have forgot thoſe Journeys, thank my Fortune.

Sir *Wild.* Undone, without redemption —— the Cocking holds at *Derby* too, *Tom*, and there will be *Jack Hylas*, and *Will. Purſer*.

Tho. Hah —— I am ſorry, Sir,
They ſhou'd employ their precious time ſo vainly,
Their Underſtandings will bear better courſes.

Sir *Wild.* Yes, I will marry agen, I am reſolv'd on't; but Son *Thomas*,

what ſay ye to the Gentleman that challeng'd ye before ye went about your Miſtreſs?

Tho. Oh good Sir—remember not thoſe Follies where I have done wrong—ſo much I now have learn't to diſcern my Self, my Means, and my Repentance ſhall make even Sir; Nor do I think it any Imputation to let the Law perſwade me.

Sir *Wild.* Very well, Sir, the Law? the Law's an Aſs as thou art; Did ever ſuch affliction light on Man? Well, any Woman, I care not of what colour or conſtitution, if ſhe can but bear Children, 'faith I'll have her. [*Exit Sir* Wild.

Launce. Oh I am glad he's gone—I have had ſuch an Ague upon me—but good Sir, what dee mean by this? You have utterly undone me, I ſhall be for the Ragged Regiment within theſe two dayes.

Tho. Ha, ha, ha, he frets to ſome purpoſe; but art thou ſuch an Inſipid Raſcal to mind it? What, Eight Languages, and tremble at an Old Man's Threats?

Launce. Not at his Threats, but his Blowes, Sir, I know them too well to be miſtaken; 'tis not Eight, nor Eightſcore can keep me from beating, if not killing; I'll give him leave to break a Legg, and thank him, pull off my Hatt, and cry, God bleſs his Worſhip. You might have ſav'd all this, and but ſworn a little—What a Pox had an Oath or two been to you when your hand was in, or a Head broke—though it had been mine, to have ſatisfi'd the Old Gent. a little.

Tho. Come, faith, to do thee a kindneſs, I'll break it yet.

Launce. Phoo, Pox now 'tis too late—but Sir, will you do me one favour, will you be drunk to night?—a leſs intreaty has ſerv'd your turn to my knowledge—do it, and ſave all yet: Yet do not be mad-drunk, for then you are the Devil; Yet the Drunker, the better for your Father ſtill. Your State is deſperate Sir, and with a deſperate Cure we muſt recover it—good Sir, do ſomething, ſome debauch't drunken thing, ſome mad thing, or ſome any thing to help us.

Tho. Well, go, for a Fidler then—the blind Old Fidler, under the Church Wall—he that ſayes his Songs—and dee hear, get me a Whore or two—a good, full, fat Whore, One that is fleſhy; let her be an Old Bawd, ſo ſhe be fat enough—I care not.

Launce. Why I—this is well ſed now, Sir I thank ye heartily, and I'll about it preſently. [*Knock within.*

Tho. Ha! Somebody knocks—go, let 'em in, who ere it be, and then make haſte. [*Exit* Launce.

My Father's mad now—and ten to one, will diſ-inherit me;

I'll

I'll put him to plunge once more, and by that time my Deſign will be full ripe —— how now, how do'ſt thou *Jack?*

Enter Hylas *and* Valentine.

Hyl. Why 'faith, at the ſame pitch ſtill —— I neither wane nor thrive.

Enter a Boy of Valentines.

Boy. O Sir, I have been with the Phyſitians, and they are all ready below here. [*To* Valentine.

Val. Go, direct 'em to my houſe, and deſire 'em to take all poſſible Care in the Recovery of the Gentleman.

Tho. Phyſitians! for what prithee —— whoſe Dog lyes ſick of the Mulligrubs?

Val. Whoo, prithee, leave thy vile Phraſes, —'tis a Friend of yours, I aſſure you, *Franck Welbred* — he was taken extreamly ill of a Fever yeſterday, and lyes very weak at my houſe.

Tho. Who young *Franck*? the onely temper'd, Spirit, Scholar, Souldier, Courtier, and all in one piece, 'tis impoſſible.

Val. You'l find it true —— but who's this?

Enter Mrs. Dorothy.

Dor. Heark ye, Sir, a word wee'.

Tho. Oh, Dear Rogue, art thou come already — well, of all Women, thou for diſpatch ſha't be moſt fam'd; and what ſucceſs, prithee? —— how did ſhe like my Letter?

Dor. Like it, infamous Man! — do you not bluſh at your Ingratitude? had you no one to abuſe with the carriage of your debauch'd Epiſtle, but your Siſter? muſt I be your Property? becauſe you found my eaſie Nature, willing to oblige —— wou'd you affront me ſo? this baſeneſs is hardly to be parallel'd.

Val. By her vehemence in action, this ſhou'd be ſomething of Moment, *Jack.*

Hyl. I know not what her action is —— but ſhe has a fine Buttock I'm ſure, I have been looking at that.

Tho. Hey-day, I affront thee? prithee what do'ſt thou mean, Siſter?

Doro. You wou'd be told, wou'd you? You have forgot, I warrant. But come, to refreſh your memory, I'll read your worthy piece to you, Your Letter of Addreſs to a Lady, whom you have abus'd — Your ſweet Ticket of Repentance, and Reconciſiation — Pray obſerve, Sir.

Tho. Ay, with all my heart,

(*Doro. Reads.*) *Doux Madam*, if I were a Poet, the Devil take me if I wou'd not be more Elegant. A very fine beginning. Is it not?

Tho.

Tho. 'Faith I think ſo—without I ſhou'd have begun with—After my hearty Commendations; or, Surely; and, By my truly Mrs.—but go on——

Doro. But, *Confound me*, You know I am none; and by the Beard of *Jupiter*, I am the leſs able to pen my excuſe.

'*S'Death*, *Madam*, You know like a Devil as you are, I love you dearly. There, there, what occaſion for that Oath, that Culverin there?

Tho. Why, to tell thee the truth, I ſwore in that place, becauſe I wou'd have her ſure to believe me.

Doro. Very well; and by the Sun, the Moon, the Planets, the Stars, the Meteors——and ſuch like, I am ſorry for my laſt fault—— *And ſinck me*, am thy Devoted Servant both in this World—and in t'other. Oh horrible, is not that now monſtrous lewd and wicked?

Tho. No 'faith—— Methinks 'tis very pretty——I have given her occaſion there to ſee my Wit, and Learning.

Therefore, by the Eternal Blazing-Starr, that is to Convert the whole World into a Snuff-box, either inſtantly pardon me, or expect to be hourly moleſted, by the moſt paſſionate, and moſt reſolute of his Sex; and ſo I leave ye to enter into conſideration, and retire my ſelf to my place of reſidence, the Devil-Tavern.

Doro. What think you now? ſpeak, In your Conſcience, Is not this a Rare Piece?

Tho. Ay, the Devil take me if it be not the faireſt, nobleſt and moſt lofty ſtyle that ever was writ—Well—*Doll*—I will pardon thy Ignorance, and hers too; but in troth you are both very ſilly Creatures.

Dor. What you pleaſe Sir, let me have no more ſuch Meſſages, and then you'l favour me—I'll inſtantly to my Father, and tell him to his great Joy of heart——You are his true Son ſtill—— the ſame for lying, Swearing, Drinking, Wenching, you ever was: And now I talk of Wenching—give me leave to inform ye--Your Young Rear-Admiral--I mean your laſt Baſtard, *Don John*, ye had by Lady *Blanch*, the Dairy-Maid—is by an Academy of Learn'd Gypſies ſtolne from the Nurſe, and wanders with theſe Prophets. This in concluſion, I thought good to tell ye, and ſo your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Dorothy.

Tho. A Plaguy ſmart Jilt—— but this is her Minute, the next is mine, and I have a deſign in my head, if follow'd well, ſhall bring all about yet. Come *Jack*.

Hyl. Where, where's the Lady? — what, thou haſt not let her go, haſt?

Tho. Let her go? why 'twas my Siſter.

Hyl.

Hyl. Ah, is ſhe thy Siſter? nay then e'en let her go.

Val. Well, Gentlemen—— I muſt beg your pardon—— I muſt go ſee *Franck.*

Tho. Stay *Val,* a word firſt; hark ye—— I'll go with thee; To Viſit him, will be an excellent pretence of Introducing me into my Miſtreſſes ſight—— and if I can but once more ſee her. ——

Val. Nay 'faith, I am ſo much thy Friend, I'll hinder thee nothing—Come then wee'l all go.

Hyl. With all my heart.

Tho. You ſhall ſee me cut upon her Heart, like a Diamond on Glaſs—— I know her humour to a thought.

With briſk behaviour, loud Impertinence
I'll Court her, her own way, much noiſe, ſmall ſence;
For I've obſerv'd 'tis not the Man of Parts,
But your fine Talker, gets the Ladies hearts.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Franck *Sick in a Chaire, a Bed ſtanding by.*

Enter 3 Phyſitians with a Urinal.

1. *Phyſ.* A Pleuriſie, I ſee it.
2. *Phyſ.* I rather hold it for *Tremor Cordis.*
3. *Phyſ.* Dee' mark the *Fæces?* 'tis a moſt peſtilent Contagious Fever—a Surfeit, a Plaguy Surfeit, he muſt bleed.
1. *Phyſ.* By no means——
3. *Phyſ.* I ſay Bleed.
1. *Phyſ.* I ſay 'tis dangerous, the perſon being ſo much ſpent beforehand, *Hypocondriaque* humours being now in full Power, and Nature drawn ſo low—No, I rather think Clyſters, cool Clyſters.
2. *Phyſ.* Now, with your favours—I ſhou'd think a Vomit; for, take away the Cauſe, the Effect will follow; his Stomach's foul, and the Intellect inflam'd.
3. *Phyſ.* No, no, wee'l rectifie that part by milder means.

1. *Phyſ.*

1. *Phyſ.* Come Sir, you muſt have patience; Brother, I think we had beſt firſt clap on the Cataplaſme.

Fra. Good Gentlemen, good Learned Gentlemen.

2. *Phyſ.* And ſee thoſe Broaths made ready within this hour; Come Sir, pray be rul'd.

Fra. Pray Sir will you leave me; I beſeech you leave me: Convey your Cataplaſmes to thoſe that need 'em, your Vomits, and your Clyſters.

3. *Phyſ.* Bring in the Lettuce Caps — You muſt be ſhav'd Sir, and then wee'l make you ſleep.

Fra. Ay, till Dooms-day—What unneceſſary Nothings are theſe?

2. *Phyſ.* How do ye Sir?

Fra. What Queſtions they propound too—— how do you Sir, I'm glad to ſee you well.

1. *Phyſ.* Open your Mouth, I pray Sir.

Fra. Aw——well, can you tell me now how old I am?—— There's my hand, pray ſhew how many broken ſhins I ſhall have within theſe two year—— 'S Death, who wou'd be thus in Fetters, good Mr. Doctor, and you Dear Doctor, and the third ſweet Doctor, and precious Maſter Pothecary, I beſeech ye to give me leave to live a little longer—— You ſtand before me like my Mourners.

3. *Phyſ.* A great Diſtemper, his fancy now begins to turn too.

Enter Monſieur Thomas, Valentine, *and* Hylas Kew.

Piſh, what more hindrance ſtill?——Sir—— 'tis not our Cuſtome to be rude——but diſmiſs your Company with what haſte you can; for we muſt miniſter within this half hour. [*Exeunt.*

Fra. Oh,——a fair riddance, my learned Horſe-leeches.

Val. Be not uncivil, *Tom*, — and uſe your pleaſure—— I know ſhe will be here to viſit him within this half hour: Do what you can to win her, but uſe no violence.

Tho. I will not 'faith.

Val. Where, where's this Sick Man?

Hyl. Where are the Women, Man? there's my Province. Methinks theſe Women——

Tho. Thou think'ſt nothing elſe.——

Val. See *Franck*—here's two of thy Friends come to viſit thee; Prithee look up—and bid 'em welcome—I'll go and ſee if they have got any thing for thee to eat—— Come, ſit up, and be merry, Man. [*Exit* Val.

Tho.

Tho. How do'ſt thou, *Franck*, ha?
Come, give me thy hand, and bear up boldly—— what, ſhrinck ith' Sinews for a little Sickneſs? a petty, puny, paultry Fever—— Pox upon't, ſing it away, Man.

Fra. I am on the mending hand, I thank ye.

Tho. How like a Flute thou ſpeak'ſt, on the mending hand? Gogs boars I'm well——Speak like a Man of honour.

Fra. Thou art a Mad Fellow; what, never ſtaid *Tom*?

Tho. Let Rogues be ſtai'd that have no habitation, a Gentleman may wander——turn thee round, *Franck*—— and ſee what I have brought thee—Sirrah, open the Scene and let the Work appear—— *Francis*, a Friend at need is worth a Million. [*Boy diſcovers a Bottle.*

Fra. What haſt thou there, a Julip?

Hyl. He muſt not touch it, 'tis preſent Death.

Tho. Ye are an Aſs——
Thou miniſter? thou mend a Pack-Saddle--You muſt pardon him—my Friend *Franck*——but a plaguy ſimple Fellow.
Do'ſt thou ſee this Bottle?——Prithee view it well;
Agen obſerve it.

Fra. Well, I do, *Tom.*

Tho. There are as many Lives in't as a Cat carries; It refines the Spirit, revives the Perſon, removes the Diſeaſe, Reſtores the blood; heats, nouriſhes, fills the Veins, Cures, comforts, warms, purges—hey—in fine, 'tis everlaſting Liquor—and ſhou'd be ſpoken of with reverence.

Fra. Prithee what is't?

Tho. Why 'faith——Old Sack.
Old Spirit ſtirring Oyly, reverend Sack—which, maugre any thing I can read yet, was the Philoſopher's Stone
The Wiſe King *Ptolomy* did all his Wonders by.

Fra. Nay, I ſee no harm Sir——if drunk with moderation.

Tho. Moderation!—Drink with Walnuts, Man, which I have ready here, and a Glaſs too; take me without my tools, and hang me. { *Sits down on the Stage, and pulls out Walnuts—and a Glaſs.*

Hyl. Pray, Sir, uſe temperance,
You know your own ſtate beſt.

Tho. Temperance!--ugh, ugh—Pox on him, I had like to bin choak't with a Wall-nut-ſhell—— by giving ear to his damn'd temperance.

Fra. I thank thee, *Jack*—I ſhall be careful—Yet a Glaſs or two can do no harm, your Friend *Tom* is grown very ſober.

Tho. A fool, a fool, he minds nothing now but Jelly-broth a mornings, and Bulking Whores at Night——Never cares for good Company, Fiddles, nor Glaſſes now—a very Coxcomb, that's the truth on't. *Speaks this as he is Cracking the Nuts.*

Hyl. Where the Devil are theſe Women all this while?

Tho. No, no, take my Counſel, *Franck*, Hang up your Julips, and your *Portugal Poſſets*, Your Barly Broths—and Sorrel Sops; I hate 'em—they are mangy and breed the ſcratches onely—I wonder ſhe does not come all this while—— Come *Franck*, here's to thee.

Fra. With all my heart—and methinks I feel a ſtrange alteration on the ſudden—my pulſe beats quick, and lively.

Hyl. So long, and yet no bolting. [*Peeping about.*

Tho. Ay, I knew 'twou'd come to that— my preſence is a Never-failing Cordial to both Sexes; here, take this off thrice, and then cry Heigh, like a Huntſman, with a clear heart, and no more fits I warrant thee.

Enter Phyſitians, and Servants.

1. *Phyſ.* Are the things ready? and is the Barber come?

Servant. An hour ago, Sir?

2. *Phyſ.* Bring out the Oyles, then.

Fra. S'death—here agen!—Now, or never, *Tom*, do me a kindneſs, and deliver me.

Tho. Deliver thee,——from whom?

Fra. From theſe things that talk there, Phyſitians, *Tom*, Scouring-ſticks, they mean to read upon me.

Tho. I'll do't,——Come hither, *Jack*.

1 *Phyſ.* We deſire all to depart the Room, and no longer diſturb the Patient.

Tho. Strike in with me for your part, and let us play upon theſe Rogues a little——for Look ye Doctor, ſuppoſe the Devil were ſick now——his horns ſaw'd off, and his head bound with a Biggen——ſick of a Calenture taken by a Surfeit of ſtincking Soules at his Nephews, and St. *Dunſtans*, what wou'd you miniſter upon the ſudden? Your Judgment ſhort, and ſound.

1. *Phyſ.* A Fool's head.

Tho. No, Sir,——it muſt be a Phyſitian, for three cauſes; the firſt, becauſe it is a ball'd head likely—which will down eaſily without Apple pap.

3. *Phyſ.* A main cauſe.

Tho.

Tho. So 'tis, and well conſider'd,
The ſecond Cauſe, 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir,
Which will ſo tumble in his ſtomach, Doctor, and Jumble and work upon the Crudities, the *Faeces*, and the Fiddle-ſtrings, conceive me Doctor, that of meer reaſon they muſt diſ-imbogue.

Hyl. Or meeting with the *Stygian* humour.

Tho. Right, Sir.

Hyl. Forc'd with a Cataplaſme of Crackers.

Tho. Ever.

Hyl. Scour all before him, like a Scavenger.

Tho. *Satis feciſti Domine*—— my laſt Cauſe.
My laſt, and not my leaſt, moſt Learned Doctors,
Becauſe in moſt Phyſitians heads—I mean thoſe that are moſt excellent—and Old withal——and angry; I ſay, becauſe in moſt Doctors heads, there is a kind of Toadſtone Bread and Cruſt, Sir,—— whoſe virtue——, the Doctor being ſtript and laid upon a Grid-iron

2. *Phyſ.* What's that, Sir!—— a Grid-iron?

Tho. A Grid-iron, Sir! the Learned hold it neceſſary, then by an Inſtrument of his own Barber, his Noſe being ſlit, incis'd, his Mouth gagg'd open, and his moſt bawdy excremental Tongue—bray'd in a Mortar—to Powder—the Cure's infallible, Not to be queſtion'd.

3. *Phyſ.* Bleſs me! what ſtuff's here? Mad Sir! what mean you?

Tho. Onely a Queſtion——Nothing elſe—for ſay the Belly ake caus'd by an Inundation of Peaſe Porridge.

1. *Phyſ.* This is not civil.

Tho. I think not——that's all one:
Or grant the *Diaphragma* by a Rupture——

Hyl. The Sign being then in the head of *Capricorne*.

Tho. Meet with the Paſſion *Hypocondriaca*, and ſo cauſe a *Carnoſity* in the Kidneys, muſt not the Brains being butter'd with this humour cauſe a *Cathartique* Motion? anſwer me that.

3. *Phyſ.* What ſhall we anſwer ye? what ſhall I ſay? Ye are an Aſs, will that ſatisfie ye?

Tho. Out ſtill—for the Aſs is yours by your long Ears, your Noſe too which I will pull thus into form, and take poſſeſſion of a Sattin Cap to give your thick Skull, and your Brains more aire.

2. *Phyſ.* Come, come, let's be gone Sirs, we are abus'd.

Tho. No 'faith, not yet, but ſhall be in good time—— then if my Ladies Dog be laxative, troubled with qualms, grumblings, Windy Cholicks, Doctor; are ye therefore to open the Port Vein, or the Port *Eſquiline*? your anſwer quickly.

3. *Phyſ.* I'll anſwer no more—farewel, Sir, the next Fit you have, Bedlam ſhall find a Salve for; we came to do you good, But theſe young Roarers it ſeems have bor'd our Noſes.

1. *Phyſ.* Drink hard, and get unwholſome Wenches, 'tis ten to one then we ſhall hear further from your note alter'd. [*Exeunt.*

Tho. And wilt thou be gone, ſayes one?

Hyl. And wilt thou be gone, ſayes t'other?

Tho. Then take the odd Crown, to mend thy old Gown, And wee'l be all gone together.

Fra. Ha, ha, ha,——moſt excellent Rogue, I love thee heartily for this.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, the Young Ladie——ſent me to ſee what Company ye had with ye——and whether they may make a Viſit?

Fra. Pray tell 'em, with all my heart——they'l much honour me in't——You ſee my Company.

Tho. Come hither Crab——is not my Miſtreſs one of 'em?

Servant. Yes Sir.

Hyl. And who elſe?

Servant. Madam *Sabina.*

Tho. Oh—heark Sirrah, not a word of my being here; Take that, and Mum.

Servant. You have ty'd my Tongue up, Sir.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Ah—nay if you look ſo brisk, farewel the Fever, Friend.

Fra. Nay, I am much better, thank my Dear *Tom* here.

Val. The Game is ready to begin, your Miſtreſs is coming.

Tho. I know it, therefore ſit ſtill good *Franck*, and not a word of me till you hear from me——then as you find my humour, follow it. You two come with me, and let us ſtand cloſe, unſeen——I warrant thee I catch her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cellide *and* Sabina.

Sab. How dee' Sir?

Fra. The favour of this Viſit from you, Madam, gives me ſtrength to tell ye, That my Enemy has done his worſt; I am growing well agen.

Cell. I am glad to hear it——Were you ever ſick before, Sir?

Fra. Of Love, Madam, not elſe.

Cell. Of Love? Alas! for ye—but you had good hopes of your ſide. You know 'twas no Epidemick diſtemper; for 'tis as impoſſible, a man ſhou'd dye by Love, as that he ſhou'd live by it——and either of theſe are Miracles this Climate never produces. (*Tho.*

(*Tho. within*.) No, no—I have no hope, nor is it fit Friend—my life has been ſo lewd, my looſe condition, which I repent too late, ſo abominable, That nothing but deſpair ſtands now before me.

Cell. Who's that, Sir——another Sick Man?

Tho. In all my Courſes ſhameleſs——diſobedience.

Sabin. Sure, I ſhou'd know his voice —Pray, Sir, who is't?

Fra. One that you little thought to have ſeen in ſuch a condition; 'Tis the Wild *Monſieur*.

Cell. Who my Monſieur?——Monſieur *Thomas*? ha, ha, ha, this is ſome trick.

Fra. You'l think better, when you ſee him--he was ſeiz'd yeſterday with a ſtrange diſtraction——a perfect madneſs.

Cell. That's like enough—he has been ſeiz'd with that, ever ſince I knew him.

Fra. Not in this Nature, Madam; he is now, ſince he came to himſelf, much afflicted in's mind—— he came hither to ask pardon of me for ſome things done long ſince, which his diſtemper made to appear like wrongs; but 'twas not ſo.

Cell. Sure that is not poſſible.

Fra. Here he comes——Pray obſerve him.

Enter Thomas *as diſtracted*, Valentine, Hylas.

Hyl. Come, Sir, be comforted.

Tho. To what end, Gentlemen—when all is periſh't upon a wrack. Is there a hope remaining, the Sea, that never knew ſorrow ſhou'd be pitiful——my Comfort's gone, my Life has made me Wretched—— Nor is it poſſible, were I to live Ten Ages,
Ever to recall the leaſt part of my Follies.

Val. Oh you deſpair too much. Madam, you ſee his condition, One word from you may yet recover him.

Cell. I know not what to do, nor what to think—— I am amaz'd 'twixt pity and admiration.

Sabin. If it be real, 'tis no Jeſting matter; a Man is not ſo ſoon made, Couſin.

Tho. What are theſe Ladyes?-- I had a Siſter once, a Virtuous Siſter, But I abus'd her—poor Soul, I wrong'd her—— a Miſtreſs too, a Kind ſweet Beauteous Miſtreſs.

Val. Now, Madam, now's your time; now he's talking of ye.

Cell. I'll do any thing, rather than ſee him thus.

Tho. I wrong'd her too—I ſent her a damn'd Letter full of Oaths, Wrack't her poor Innocent Ears with Damms and Devils, Wo worth the time I did ſo.

Val. Now, Madam, ſpeak, or never.

Cell.

Cell. By Heaven, I will; ah little do you know how my heart bleeds for him.

Hyl. Ha,ha,ha—ſhe comes apace—the Rogue counterfeits rarely.

Tho. Oh my fortune.
But 'tis but Juſt I be deſpis'd and hated.

Val. Deſpair not, 'tis not Manly——Now Madam.

Cell. How dee' Sir? pray be comforted—give me your hand—you us'd to meet this kindneſs with more haſte; I ſwear I pity ye.

Tho. By Heaven 'tis ſhe——oh goodneſs! not to be equall'd——let me thus low implore thy pardon; I have been wild and wicked, I confeſs it, but ah dear Saint, conſider on our frailties; Youth often wanders from the way, and——

Cell. Indeed Sir, you ſhan'not kneel.

Tho. Not kneel? oh name it not, my Crimes are many, and nothing but repentance, low repentance——*Jack.*

Hyl. I, I mind ye——proceed and ſhe's thy own, Boy.

Cell. Nay then I'll kneel too——for I have faults too many,
I ſhou'd beg your pardon too, all things conſider'd.

Tho. Precious——Deareſt, Lovely---Charming—— [*Kiſſes her.*
Ah, all my whole lifes ſervice——cannot merit half,
half this bleſſing.

Enter Launce, *running.*

Launce. Where, where's my Maſter?--oh Sir--the Fidler, Sir, is not at leiſure yet, but he will be about half an hour hence. But I have got Sir, according to your order, a couple of the fineſt Black fat Whores yonder——'gad the Jades do ſo tumble about--ha,ha—— [*both ſtart.*

Tho. Damn'd Dogg—— [*Kicks him.*

Cell. How's this?

Hyl. 'S'death——this damn'd dull Rogue will ſpoil all—— what, what's that you ſay, Sirrah? who wou'd you ſpeak with, ha?

Tho. Ay, an Impudent Dog, who wou'd he ſpeak with?——here's no body here knowes him——Kick him out o' doors there.

Launce. What, not know *Launce*?——I am *Launce*, Sir, and a Pox take me, if I have not two of as fine fat Whores as a man wou'd deſire to lay his Leg over.

Cell. Oh Heaven! I'm betray'd! and this was onely a deſign upon me. I find it now 'tis ſo, Couſin—— oh I cou'd curſe my ſelf now for being ſo credulous---this was a Plot betwixt 'em, and now by chance diſcover'd; ſtand off, and touch me not, Baſe Fellow——Come, let's away——Farewel Sir, and when you are mad next——let your fat Whores adminiſter. *Sab.*

Sab. Ha,ha,ha——this was a pleaſant Jeſt. [*Exeunt.*

Tho. Come ye hither,Sirrah,and lay your head down on this Chair, I'll be merciful to ye——I'll onely cut your Ears and Noſe off; Your head ſhall ſcape——doo't quickly, Rogue, or I will hew thee into Mammocks.

Launce. Oh for Heavens ſake, Sir, what mean ye? You know I did nothing but what you bid me.

Tho. Ah——Inſipid Whelp.

Fra. Hang him, let him wear his Noſe a little longer—— 'Twill ſpoyl the faſhion of his face elſe.

Val. Though 'twas unluckily, 'twas Ignorantly done, and let him live to make amends.

Tho. Pox on't---when I had bent her like a twigg--- brought her to my hand--made her quite ſure, my own, with art and Induſtry,and to be bubbled of her in the very laſt moment, by the negligence of a Dog, a Hound, a Son of a Whore, a plague--- Prithee *Val*, let me have but one paſs through his Guts, and I'll forgive him.

Launce. Oh Gentlemen, for heavens ſake hold him——for my guts are ſo empty, that he may eaſily rip 'em open.

Hyl. Come forgive him——the Rogue I dare ſwear did it out of meer Kindneſs.

Launce. By my Eight Languages, and ſo I did--- I was ſo overjoy'd to bring him the good News, that I never minded who was with him.

Tho. A Devil on't---this is alwayes my damn'd fortune, and I have ſtill obſerv'd if a Fool be in a Family---where any Perſon has a deſign--- if his Ignorance does not diſcover it, his ill fortune will--- and that's as bad——Well, I am reſolv'd ſhe ſhan'not ſcape thus——I will have one more bout with her. You will not leave me, Gentlemen?

Val. Not I 'faith; I will not miſs the ſport.

Hyl. Nor I——but when ſhall it be?

Tho. To Night at her Window in a Serenade.

Val. With all our hearts---*Franck*,wou'd thou wer't well to go too.

Fra. I know not, 'tis as I feel my ſelf--but it may be I may venture, For I can walk I find.

Tho. Go Dog, get you to my Father, and tell him my laſt Nights Ramble, I'll come and ſecond ye; away——I ſhall get the Rogue this way a beating at the ſecond hand.

Launce. Yes, Sir. I am glad I'm got off ſo well; for I was damnably afraid of loſing my Ears, and Noſe. Well Sir, I'll go and carry the Whores to the ſame Bulk, where I found 'em, and then let 'em ſeek their fortune. [*Exit.*

Tho.

Tho. Sirrah, that ſhall be my task.
Come Friends, let's prepare for the buſineſs; till Night I am employ'd--but then I am for ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Wilding *with a Whore*, Boy *with a Candle.*

Sir Wild. Now to the buſineſs of Matrimony--- I think I have got one here will fit me——I pickt her up in the *Piazza's*, what ſhe is I know not, nor do I care---ſo ſhe be fruitful and ſound——Set down the Candle, Sirrah, and get you gone——Come hither Miſtreſs--- Let me ſee your Face——thoſe Eye-browes are your own, I hope?

Whore. Yes, I aſſure you, Sir—— I counterfeit nothing.

Sir Wild. Very well--now walk before me--let me ſee you pace a little. ah---trip---trip---thus, thus—— I wou'd have my Woman do ſo.

Whore. Sir, I ſhall quickly learn to pleaſe ye, there ſhall be nothing wanting in my duty, to act, or to obſerve.

Sir Wild. Prettily ſaid——as to your age, Madam, I gueſs you to be about Five and twenty——ſomething over——a good ripe age, I like that well enough—— Pray open your Mouth; I think you have all your teeth.

Whore. I hope ſo, Sir——they have had eaſie ſervice.

Sir Wild. And wilt thou ſing?

Whore. Pleaſantly, Sir.

Sir Wild. And drink?

Whore. Profoundly.

Sir Wild. And ſwear——and tell a Story after Supper?

Whore. As you think fit, Sir —— by the way of relliſh, or ſo.

Sir Wild. Give me thy hand then, ſhe's honeſt, I know by that; for ſhe that ſimpers, and talks of Religion alwayes, proves to be the greateſt Jilt—— who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Sir *Wild.* Bid my Daughter come hither --- now I think I ſhall be even with my *Monſieur* --- my ſneaking *Ananias*: For I will get upon her Body a Demi-Gyant that ſhall play the Hector at his Nurſes Breaſt, and beat a Conſtable in his ſwadling Cloathes.

Enter Mrs. Dorothy.

Come hither Miſtreſs—— pray reſpect the Lady whom I intend to make my Wife, your Mother.

Doro. How Sr!

Sir

Sir Wild. Now you ſhall find me ſo then——what a pox, d'ee think I'll leave my Inheritance to Pins, and Bodkins, to Towers, Jeſamine Gloves, and Trimmings——to a leaky Veſſel——that cannot keep my name up when I dye to thee?

Doro. You have a Son, Sir.

Sir Wild. Who?——where is he? who is he like?

Doro. Your ſelf.

Sir Wild. Thou ly'ſt——thou haſt ſpoyl'd him,
Thou, and thy *Prayer-Books*;——he my Son? No, I diſclaim him,
And all that ſpeaks of him. Why, did not I catch him ſinging yeſterday a godly Ballad, to a godly tune too, and in one of his Pockets a Catachiſme with the *Creed* in great Letters at the beginning?--No, Damſel of the dark—I know he's one of your Diſciples, he wou'd be rul'd elſe.

Doro. Mine?—'tis a ſign then you know little of his humour,
That can believe I have power to turn him any way.

Sir Wild. Huſwife I know it, and expect to be rewarded, what Tavern has he us'd ſince he came over? what things done, that ſhowes a Man and Mettle? when was my houſe at ſuch a ſhame before, to creep to bed at ten and twelve for want of Company? No ſinging, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?—thou think'ſt not of theſe ſcandals——thou can'ſt ſnore, and ſleep, and Chatter bawdy in thy Dreams,——and the next morning wake and go to breakfaſt, and nothing elſe——but his life ſhou'd be otherwiſe.

Doro. So it is, Sir——believe me, for I ſpeak it to my knowledge, he's as mad as heart can wiſh; as debauch't a Fellow as any in the Suburbs.

Whore. Women, Sir, will talk, but you know we muſt bear with that ſometimes.

Sir Wild. Well, now I think on't, I will try the Boy once more, it may be he does but counterfeit, and then I'm happy——go, get you in, I'll keep you cloſe enough, leſt you break looſe, and do more miſchief to him——Within there. [*Exit* Dorothy.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Dee' call, Sir?

Sir *Wild.* Go preſently, and ſeek the Boy, and bid him wait my pleaſure in the morning——d'ee hear, Mark what houſe he's in, and what he does——and tell me truth.

Servant. I will not fail, Sir. [*Exit Servant.*

Sir *Wild.* If ye do, I'll hang ye.
Come, Madam——I muſt deſire you to ſtay here, till he comes, and

then wee'l ſettle all——there's your apartment, there you'l find all neceſſaries——Now if he prove but right, he has all yet; If not, this other way ſhall make an end on't.

Youth may delight to boaſt of Act or Skill,
But the pleaſure of an Old Man—is his Will.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Wilding *and Servant.*

Sir *Wild.* AT *Valentine*'s houſe ſo merry?

Servant. As a Lark, Sir.

Sir *Wild.* So frollickſome, do'ſt ſay?

Servant. I'm ſure I heard it.

Sir *Wild.* Ballads, and Fiddles too?

Servant. No, but one Fiddle, but twenty noiſes.

Sir *Wild.* Did he do Tricks?

Servant. Ah, the rareſt Tricks, Sir——here's my Fellow *Launce*, he can Inform ye all, he was among 'em, and as mad as any there; I ſtood up in a Corner.

Enter Launce.

Sir Wild. Come, Sir—— what can you ſay?——Is there any hope yet your Maſter may return?

Launce. Put your hand into your Purſe——and give me an Angel, Then perhaps I may tell you more.

Sir Wild. How, how? an Angel?

Launce. An Angel, Sir——'Faith not a Farthing under, ſuch things, ſuch roaring things—an Angel, Sir, quickly, come.

Sir Wild. There 'tis, damn'd Rogue, thou haſt found my blind ſide.

Launce. Ay, ay, Sir, that's all one—— ſo—— well now Sir, by the Virtue of 8: Languages, by the Faith of a Traveller and a Gentleman, Your Son is found agen, the Son——the *Tom.*

Sir Wild. Is he the Old *Tom?*

Launce. The Old *Tom.*

Sir Wild. Proceed then.

Launce.

Launce. Next to conſider how he is the Old *Tom.*

Sir Wild. Ay, handle me that.

Launce. I wou'd you had ſeen it handled laſt night, as we handled it——*Cap-a-pe*, i'faith——oh the noiſe, the noiſe we made!

Sir Wild. Good, good, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Launce. The houſe beſet around—the Windowes Clatt'ring, and all the Chamber-Maids in ſuch a hurrey, one with her Smock half off, Another in haſte with a Hoſe upon her head.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha.

Launce. A Fellow railing there out of a Loupe-hole, and his Mouth ſtopt with dirt.

Sir Wild. Ha, hah, ye Rogue. [*Strikes him.*

Launce. Another peeping out with his greaſie Night-Cap on, and a Torch popt in's face to clear his eye-ſight.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha—Dog. } *Beats* Launce, *and is ſo — eager at laughing, he minds it not.*

Launce. The Gentleman himſelf, young Monſieur *Thomas*, environ'd with his furious Mermydons, the fiery Fidler and my ſelf, Now ſinging, now beating at the Doore, there parlying—— Courting at the Window, at the other, ſcaling.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha.

Launce. And all theſe ſeveral Noiſes to two Trenchers ſtrung with a Clew of Brown Thred——which ſhow'd rarely.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha,—rarely well—rarely well. [*Beats him ſtill.*

Launce. Well, well--what d'ee mean, Sir—Your blowes are not well I'm ſure, nor will my ſhoulders long, if you hold on at this rate.

Sir Wild. I'faith I beg thy pardon—I was ſo tranſported, I did not know what I did—there's money for thee to make thee amends—— eat, and grow fat agen.

Launce. Nor here, Sir, gave we the Frollick over.

Sir Wild. What, more yet? why this is admirable.

Launce. More, ay, and the beſt too, Sir—— for at laſt we quit the Ladies houſe on compoſition——and to the ſilent Street turn'd all our furies. A ſleeping Watchman here we ſtole the ſhooes from; there make a noiſe, at which he wakes and followes--then cryes out Theeves, and throwes his Bilboe at us—— and Wades the Kennel in no footed ſtockings.

Sir Wild. Oons—this is the rareſt Boy, ha, ha——

Launce. Windowes and Signs we ſent to *Erebus*—a cry of Butchers Currs we entertain'd laſt, and having let the Pigs looſe in out-Pariſhes, made every Street look like a Bear-Garden.

Sir Wild. Inſtead of Bears, and Bulls, a Rogue, a Rogue.

Launce. Down—comes a Conſtable—and the Sow his Siſter, moſt villainouſly tramples upon authority—there a whole Stand of Rug Gowns routed Manly, and the King's Peace put to flight--the Conſtable rallyes again—when, Sir, a Purblind Pigg—runs me his dirty Snout into his Lanthorn—out goes the light, and all turns to confuſion.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha.

Launce. But, Sir, the beſt Jeſt was, a fooliſh Potter needs wou'd know the matter—opens his door, when, mark the Fate of Cuckolds, a Boare imboſt takes ſanctuary in his Shop, and Twenty Dogs ruſh after—— We ſtill cheering, down goes the Pots, and Pipkins—down the Pudding-Pans—the Cream-Bowles cry revenge here; There the Candleſticks; oh ſuch a noiſe.

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha,——

If this be true, thou little Tyny Page,
This tale thou tell'ſt to me,
Then on thy Back will I preſently hang
A handſome new Livery.

Enter Servant.

Sir Wild. How now, where's my Son?

Servant, He's here, Sir.

Enter Monſieur Thomas.

Launce. Now Sir—you ſhall hear all——and laugh abundantly, he has ſuch a grace in telling it, Sir.

Sir Wild. Son *Thomas*—I am glad to ſee ye, and to hear of ye; You may be now my Son agen, if you pleaſe, and enjoy the bleſſings attending it——but come, becauſe I feel a ſcruple in my Conſcience, concerning your late carriage——and therefore like Father wou'd be ſatisfied; To clear all, *Thomas*, get you upon this Table.

Tho. This Table, Sir? Lord, how you are miſled!—what ſtrange fancies are theſe? fitter for Fools and Mad-men.

Sir Wild. What, what?—come, come, I ſay, get you on this Table. and Inſtantly, I'll have it ſo.

Tho. Well, Sir, you muſt be obey'd. [*Gets on the Table.*

Sir Wild. So—now *Thomas*, like a moſt compleat Gentleman come from *Tripoly*——relate your laſt Night's Frollicks, mince at nothing—but let me have it freely as 'twas acted——'twill pleaſe me beſt.

Tho. Verily, Sir—though Age and Youth, and Youth and Age are different, different I mean divided 'twixt themſelvs in point of reaſon; Nay, though our eyes are blinded, that is, though we cannot ſee.

I ſay

I ſay—yet I ſay agen—or 'tis no matter whether I ſay it agen or no, That Reaſon, and Religion, ſhou'd Inſtruct Age to better courſes than Blindneſs guides them to. Reaſon, and Religion are two worthy perſons, and ſhou'd Inſtruct a wandring Mortal—Ah, Sir, remember—— remember, I ſay, Take notice, place it in your Boſome---in your Heart, in your ——I ſay, remember—that is, do not forget—but remember.

Sir Wild. Hey day, he's preaching——you Rogue *Launce*, You lying Raſcal.

Launce. Gad forgive me, will ye ſpoyl all agen, Sir?—What a Devil d'ee mean?

Tho. Away, Sirrah, and ſummon the reſt of the Family hither, that I may edifie them all. Sir, you keep a Company of ſawcy Fellowes, debauch'd, and daily Drunkards, that devour ye. Things, whoſe Souls tend to the Cellar onely.

Sir Wild. Sirrah, give me my Money agen, or——

Launce. Why Sir, let me never eat agen——or feel the Bleſſing of another new Livery, if he be not the very Devil in Debauchery, Sir: And what I have told you of him is all true; ask *Robin* here.

Servant. Nay Sir, the truth is, I did ſee my Young Maſter pick up two Whores, and put 'em into Pudding-Lane.

Tho. 'Tis ſtrange theſe Raſcals——but Sir, when Folly and Idleneſs take the upper hand of Reaſon, and permit when they meet and Inhabit the Heart, the Mind, the Soul, the Faculties, the——'Tis a hard matter—'tis, I ſay, a——matter of difficulty, of difficulty---a matter of moment--and all that, Sir, to reform or conform, or direct, or diſpute, or diſſwade——or divine, or diſpoſe, or——

Sir Wild. Or the Devil and all; come down, I ſay. Bleſs me! what ſtuffs here?

Launce. Sir, are ye mad? ſtark mad? did not I ſee ye beat a Conſtable laſt Night?

Tho. I touch authority, ye Raſcal? I violate the Law?

Sir Wild. No, no, he had rather preach to him—*Lancelot du Lake*, Get ye upon adventures—caſt your Coat, and make your *Exit.*

Launce. Pur l'amour de Dieu.

Sir Wild. Pur me no purs—but get you out at that Doore there; Out ye Eight Languages.

Launce. My blood upon your head Sir—Did not I tell you 'twou'd come to this? What ſhall I do to live now? if I beg, I ſhall be Whip't; and if I ſteal, I ſhall be hang'd. What ſhall I do?

Tho. Heark ye, Sirrah; I'll provide for ye——go inſtantly and get the Fidler I order'd ye---let him be ſure to be ready--- and then go and tell

tell *Vall* and *Jack* I'll meet 'em within this half hour in the Rounds.

Launce. Now, now, Sir, dee hear him now?

Tho. Sirrah, a word, and I'll cut your Throat——away.

Sir Wild. Out of my doors, Sirrah. [*Exit* Launce.

Tho. Ay, ay, purge 'em all Sir.

Sir Wild. I ſhall Sir--and you too preſently. Go Sirrah, bid my Maids that ſtand without--- come in——I will have one ſhall pleaſe me.

Tho. 'Tis moſt fit Sir.

Sir Wild. Bring in the Money there——here Mr. *Thomas.*

Enter Servant with two Bags.

You are no more my Son, now good Gentleman be cover'd.

Tho. What you pleaſe Sir.

Sir Wild. This money I give you, becauſe heretofore you have been thought my Son--and by my ſelf too—and ſome things done like me; Ye are now another—here is two hundred pounds, a civil ſumme Sir, for a young Civil Man: Much Land and Money wou'd (I ſuppoſe) now onely prove temptations, to take you from your ſettled and ſweet carriage.

Tho. How's this? but Sir, I hope——

Sir Wild. Nay, I beſeech ye, cover Sir; ye owe me no reſpect--I have nothing to do with ye; nor have you with my Eſtate Sir; Nor with this money neither, now I think on't——you can preach well Sir—— Pray get a Tub—and deal about your Hums and Ha's with reverence; ſome of the Rabble perhaps may have farthings.

Tho. 'S'death, I ſhall be finely bubbled if this hold——loſe all my Fortune for a Frollick——I muſt wheel about agen, there's no remedy.

Enter four Maids.

Sir Wild. I have one thing more to ſay before we part Sir. Behold thoſe females there, pray view 'em well: I want a right Heir to Inherit me, not my Eſtate alone, but my conditions, from which you are revolted——therefore dead—— And I will break my back, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you chuſe there, Sir?

Sir Wild. There, among thoſe Damſels—in my own Tribe, I know their qualities—which cannot fail to pleaſe me, for their Beauties—a matter of three farthings makes all perfect. A little Beer, and Beef-broth—they are ſound too—ſtand all abreaſt——Now Mr. *Thomas*, before I chooſe——You having liv'd long with me, and happily, ſometimes with ſome of theſe too, which fault I never frown'd on——

Pray

Pray ſhew me (for fear we confound our Genealogies) which you have laid abroad: Speak your mind freely, Have you had Copulation with that Damſel?

Tho. I have. [*Sighs.*

Sir Wild. Say ye ſo? Pray how?

Tho. How, is not ſeemly here to ſay, Sir.

Sir Wild. Stand you aſide then--What ſay you to'th' ſecond, *Thomas*?

Tho. With her too, Sir.

Sir Wild. With her too? ha,ha--the Rogue wins upon me ſtrangely.

Tho. So, ſo, he's coming agen. [*Aſide.*

Sir Wild. Retire you two——ſpeak forward Mr. *Thomas*.

Tho. I will, and to the purpoſe——even with all Sir.

Sir Wild. How? with all? that's ſomewhat large, with all *Thomas*?

Tho. All, ſurely Sir.

Enter Whore.

Sir Wild. A ſign thou art my own yet——in agen all, and to your ſeveral Functions——Mrs. I pray come hither—— [*Exeunt Maids.*

Tom, here's a Lady——that I found my ſelf, [*to the Whore.*

What think ye of her? ſhe I'm ſure's a ſtranger to ye.

Whore. Mercy upon me, He here! nay then, I ſhall be murder'd.

Sir Wild. What, what's that? do'ſt know her *Tom*?

Tho. Know her? Why Sir, every Bulk about Town knowes her; I met her drunk i'th' *Strand* t'other Night, with twenty Boyes about her—— I have thrown her into the *Fleet* Ditch--- three ſeveral times for my ſhare.

Sir Wild. Go, get you gone too——and to your Bulk agen, my Marriage fit is over.

Whore. And thank ye too, rather than ſtay where He is.

Sir Wild. Well, but what ſay ye to *Luce*, the Merchant's Daughter? ſhe was too young——I think, when you travell'd ſome twelve years old.

Tho. Her will was Fifteen, Sir.

Sir Wild. Ha,ha,ha—Faith well anſwer'd to cut off long diſcourſe, *Thomas*, for I have many yet to ask ye of, Where I may chuſe, and nobly—— hold up one finger;—where I may not, two---or more; What think ye of *Valeria*? whoſe husband lyes a dying now—— why two and in that form. [*Holds up his 2 fingers.*

Tho. Her husband is recovered, Sir.

Sir Wild. A Witty Moral——have at ye once more, *Thomas*—the Siſters of St. *Albans*——what all five?— ha, ha, that Boy, that's my own Boy—— [*Holds up his hand.*

Tho.

Tho. Still hoping for your pardon.

Sir Wild. Pſhaw, there needs none——
a pox on pardon—I am pleas'd with thy confeſſion, Nor will I think of Marriage any longer; for o'my Conſcience I ſhall be thy Cuckold---there, there's Twenty Guinneys for ye, Sir. Go, and be merry——I ſee ſome ſparkles which may flame agen; and if they do, thou'rt mine yet——farewel Monſieur. [*Exit.*

Tho. So—'tis better thus, than t'other way however——but now to my Serenade--I have ſuch a kind of a Mungril Love for this Woman--that I muſt, and will enjoy her, come what will on't——Oh Sirrah--well, haſt got him?

Enter Lancelot *and Fidler.*

Launce. I Sir, I have been here—a rare Rogue——hee'l Fiddle and make a noiſe, but the Devil a ſtop he knowes, or when he fiddles in Tune. Good Sir—do ſomething now—ſome roaring thing, that we may live and eat agen——By my 8. Languages I have had but one poor mouldy Cruſt this two daies.

Tho. A Pox on thee for an eating Rogue, Nothing but Famine frights thee --- Come hither, Sirrah, what Ballads are you ſeen in beſt?——ha? let's hear.

Fidler. Under your Maſterſhips Correction, I can ſing the Merry Ballad of *Diverus* and *Lazarus.* The *Roſe* of *England.* In *Creete* when *Dedimus* firſt began. *Jonas* his Crying out againſt *Coventry*—— and a merry Song, how Blind *Toby* and his Dog fell in Love with a Fair Lady, by ſeeing her play upon a Cymbal.

Tho. Very well. What elſe?

Fidler. Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter. The Devil, and the Dainty Dames.

Tho. Rare ſtill!

Fidler. The Landing of the *Spaniards* at *Bow*; With the Bloody Battel at *Mile-End.*

Tho. Excellent! Well Sirrah, go, and put him to his Stand, and let my Friends be ready——I'll follow ye. [*Exeunt.*
I have heard. that ſometimes Importunity gets more than Love:
And Faith, I'll haunt her like a Ghoſt, but I'll have her.
ha, ha, ha—It makes me laugh too, to think how I have Bobb'd my Father——had I been wild at firſt, he wou'd have been weary by this time; but now all's ſure and ſettled.

All you that would your good Old Fathers Cheat,
And e're his Death, do Covet his Eſtate;

To

To all his humours ſtrict Compliance give,
For Age that doates once, has not long to live.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Franck, Sabina, *and* Cellide.

Franck. Whatever your Nice humour, Madam, ſeems to declare now, I am ſure you muſt needs ſometimes be of a contrary temper—— he is my Friend I acknowledge; and the leaſt thing I can do in his abſence, is to ſpeak well of him.

Cellid. Sir, that freedome is of neceſſity allow'd, and whatever his Merit is, your Generoſity cou'd not do leſs—but my knowledg of him and his temper, is proof againſt all your aſſertions; I will allow him for a general Man, and good Company; but let me tell ye — ſuch a one though he makes the beſt Servant——certainly makes the worſt Husband in the World.

Sabin. Ay, that is, Madam, according as you order him. If you give him liberty, 'tis true, Men are apt to follow the Dictates of their own humours——but when you have the Bridle in your hand, methinks 'tis eaſie ſtopping the courſe.

Fra. That, Madam, does not ſo much depend on your own power, as on your husband's temper; for if he be rough and paſſionate, you have ſo much Judgment to know your bounds. But, if mild, and ſoft natur'd——Your Province is the larger. And there are two things which ruine ſuch a man --- Fondneſs and Folly; for a man that is too fond of his Wife, is as certain to be made a Cuckold by her——as that ſhe wou'd if ſhe cou'd do't---were he never ſo ugly, or Jealous.

Cellid. If good Phraſes, and Reaſon might paſs for Jeſts,
I ſwear you are the merrieſt man I know.

Fra. I ſhou'd be glad, Madam, I cou'd breed your Diverſion any way; though to the reſt of the World, 'tis my ambition they ſhou'd reliſh me more in the Philoſopher, than the Buffoon.

Sabin. Fye, fye, a better word than that, Sir,— Call a Witty brisk Fellow, that breaks a Jeſt onely for the ſake of good Company, or ſo, a Buffoon?—— Fye, I ſwear 'twas ill ſaid.

Cellid. Ay, 'tis a ſign he has been ſick lately.

Sabin. I do but think how you'd look, if Monſieur *Thomas* ſhou'd hear of this——you had beſt call Him Buffoon too.

Fra. No, He's the General of 'em,--and the onely Perſon that I know can be allow'd of in that nature; for he has Wit in his Buffoonry—— and a graceful action, gives an excellence to his Jeſt.---If he tells a Lye,

he will be ſure it ſhall be a pleaſant one: And he never tells a bawdy ſtory for its own ſake, but the Companies, and the Mirth that followes after.

Sabin. What think ye of this, Couſin?

Cellid. Piſh— Prithee what ſhou'd I think of it?——heark! what noiſe is this? [*Noiſe of ſinging and ſhouting within.*

Fra. But I have ſeen ſome dull Rogues
Mangle a good Story ſo barbarouſly—how now? what's that?

Enter Lucilla.

Lucill. Was ever the like known?——there is ſuch a rout at your Window yonder—— ſuch ſhouting, ſuch ſinging, and ſuch a diſmal noiſe——

Sabin. Noiſe? what noiſe? who is it?

Lucill. The mad Gentleman that us'd to ask for Madam *Cellide*, and twenty more, fidling, ſinging like Mad-men.

Cellid. 'Tis he—ſhall I never be at reſt? who can endure this?

Fra. He's as good as his word I ſee. [*Aſide.*

Cellid. Heark ye, Couſin—— now if you love me, let's put a trick upon him—— I have a rare device in my head.

Sabin. I know this is againſt the grain, but come, I'll ſecond ye. [*Exeunt.*

Fra. 'Tis a mad Rogue——but I know ſhe loves him;
I'll go up to my Cloſet-Window and ſee the ſport. [*Exit.*

Scene, the Street.

Enter Monſieur Thomas, Hylas, Launce, *Fidler*, Valentine, *and Linck-Boyes.*

Tho. Stand cloſe now, and every one mind his buſineſs, *Jack* keep you that door there——and be ſure none of her Servants enter, or go out——if any Woman paſs, ſhe is lawful Prize—— Cut off all Convoyes.

Val. 'Tis not fit I am ſeen—— I'll therefore ſtand at diſtance and obſerve ye.

Hyl. Ay, but heark ye *Tom*——who ſhall anſwer this?

Tho. Why, I ſhall anſwer it, Sir;——You fearful Puppy
I ſhall appear to th' Action.

Hyl. Well, well, I have done——we may talk too, may we not?

Tho. With any Woman freely.

Hyl. And ſing too, ha?——for there's my Maſter-piece.

Tho.

Tho. No, Sir, by no means.
I am the Man reſerv'd for Aire——'tis my talent, and the Devil's in't if my voice don't charm her; hearke ye, You may Record a little——Whiſtle, or ſo——to ſhew you are good at ſomething——but for main ſinging——let me alone; away, be careful.

Hyl. But there's another thing; we may be beaten.

Tho. 'Faith, ſo thou may'ſt——and well too——for thou deſerv'ſt it richly——Why, what Bug-bears are in thy Brains? Beaten?——why who ſhou'd beat thee?

Hyl. Why ſhe may have men enough.

Tho. Ay, art not thou man enough too?

Hyl. I warrant thee——there's a low Window——I'll peep in and ſee what they are doing.

Tho. Come Sirrah, let's hear ſome of your Art now——Nay, nay, No tuneing as ye love me——let thy Fiddle ſpeak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune——the Viler, ſtill the better——like thy ſelf——for I preſume thy voice will make no Trees dance.

Fidler. Nay, truly you ſhall have it even as homely.

Tho. With all my heart, keep it to that Key ſtill——I think they are all abed.

Launce. I think ſo too, Sir——I can hear no ſtirring any where, No light in any Window, 'tis a Night for the purpoſe, Sir.

Tho. Come, ſtrike up a flouriſh——and Sirrah, do you ſing the Serenading Song I taught ye t'other Night; Wee'l bear the *Chorus.*

SONG. *And Dance.*

Enter Servant above.

Servant. Who's there? what noiſe is this?——what Rogue at theſe hours——dares diſturb us thus?

Tho. (*Sings.*) Oh what is that to you ye Fool?
Oh what is that to you?
Pluck in your face—ye bawling Aſs,
Or I will break your Noſe.
With a hey downe, downe, downe, downa.

[*Exit Servant.*

Hyl. Tom——here's rare ſport——here's one of the Women waſhing her Legs——Ah Rogue!——'Faith ſhe has a fine plump Calf——ha, ha,——now ſhe is come to her Knee——

oh——murder, murder——I'm kill'd. { *Maid within ſhoots a ſquirt of blood in's face, and lets off a Piſtol.*

Tho. Hah!——his face all bloody? Hold ſtill *Jack*, let me ſee, Where's the Wound? this is no jeſting matter.

Hyl. I know not, I feel none—— cannot you ſee it?

Tho. Ha, ha—— I find it now——this was only a trick, a ſquirt of blood and a Piſtol fir'd off—— are they ſo frollickſome? have at 'em once more.

Hyl. 'Troth I'm glad I'm alive for all that——I'll go and get my face waſh't, and come agen. [*Exit.*

Tho. Come Sirrah, now ſing the *Engliſh* Ballad.

Fidler. *There was a Noble Merchant*
That lived in a Town,
He had an onely Daughter,
That was both fair and brown;
Sing hey trangdillo, dillo down.

A Noble Knight likewiſe,
On whom Fortune did frown,
He got her Maidenhead once in thrice,
Sing hey trangdillo down, down, derry down.

Tho. No ſtirring yet?——I believe the Devil has charm'd 'em aſleep. Come, flouriſh agen, and the t'other Song——

Fidler. The Twelfth of April *on* May-Day,
My Houſe, and Goods were ſtolne away.

Tho. Hold, hold—— ſhe comes—— Sirrah, give me the Addreſs I gave you in writing t'other day.

Enter Cellide *and* Sabina *above.*

Launce. O Lord, Sir, the Mice eat it in my Pocket one Night, but I have the Complement here that you took out of the Book of Common Places.

Tho. That then, Sirrah, quickly——holdup the light——Madam, Were there no other light but your eyes—— the World wou'd need no Sun——And—Conſ—conſerve me, Madam, if, like a Fly, I can forbear buzzing about that light—though I have burnt my Wings—ha? what think ye of that, Sirrah? [*To* Launce.

Sabin. Who wou'd forbear loving a Man that has ſuch ſeveral wayes of Gallantry?

Cellid.

Cellid. Huſh——you ſhall hear a Dialogue between us.
My Man Thomas *did me promiſe*
He wou'd Viſit me this Night.

Tho. What? Muſical?—— nay, let me alone for anſwering that.
I am here Love, tell me dear Love,
How I may obtain thy ſight.

Cellid. Come up to the Window my Love,
Come up to the Window my Dear;
Here's a Ladder of Rope,
That will help to guide thee up, } *Throwes down a*
And thou ſha't be lodged here. } *Ladder of Ropes.*

Tho. (*ſings.*) And 'Faith, I'll be with thee ſtrait, ſhe's very kind o'th' ſudden, ha Sirrah? —— go, all be gone, there's money.
[*Exeunt Lights.*

Launce. Ay Sir, ſo ſhe is; you'l have good ſport anon, ha?
Cellid. Now Couſin—— the Scuttle quickly.

SONG.

Tho. *Sir* Eglamore *that Valiant Knight,* [*Sings going up.*
Hey down, down a down;
So bruiſed was with grievous frights,
Hey down, down, downa down.
For he had been Cuffing ſo long with the Dragon,
That nothing could quench his thirſt but a whole flaggon,
With a hey down, down, downa, &c.

Tho. How now? what a Devil—is this? } Sabina *throws down*
Sirrah, *Launce*?—— what is the matter } *a Scuttle upon him.*
I'm Inchanted, I cannot ſtirr——bound hand and foot.

Cellid. Nay, my Dear—why are you ſo ſlow? Prithee make haſte.

Tho. A pox on ye——*Launce*——what a Devil is this?

Launce. Come down, Sir, come down—— they have plai'd ſome trick or other with ye——ha, ha——I thought ſo. [*He comes down.*

Sabin. Fye, fye, ſo ſlow Sir; is this like a *Mercurian?*

Tho. 'Faith I'll be even w'you preſently—'S'death, a Basket! What Witches are theſe? —— but I'll ſtorm once more, and 'tis not Baskets, nor Chamber-pots, ſhall hinder me now; Sirrah, now ſing.

Cellid. Lucilla.

Lucill. I'm ready, Madam.

Fidler. The Duke, he was a Noble Man,
as any in the Town,

Tho.

Tho. Phoo, phoo--what's this? oh! {*He climbs up, and* Lucilla *with a Devil's Vizard frights him.*

Fidler. But climbing to promotion, he ſuddenly fell down. {*She offers to Kiſs him, and he falls down.*

Lucill. Ha, ha, ha.

Tho. Death! this was another Trick upon me, I find by the Queans Mirth.

Cellid. What haſt thou done?——not thrown him down I hope.

Lucill. Onely a little way, Madam.

Cellid. A little way?——Oh heaven I'm undone! ſhe has broke his Neck.

Tho. Ha! is ſhe ſo pitiful?—— I may have a Trick then to recover all yet——oh my leg, my leg——I am ſpoil'd for ever; both my Legs. [*Sits down on the Stage, and holds his Legs.*

Cellid. Heark, heark, d'ee not hear him?

Tho. Shatter'd in twenty pieces, I'm undone! oh barbarous Woman! howl Sirrah, howl.

Launce. Oh, his back too! his back!——the bone is out of Joynt.

Cellid. D'ee hear ye Devil? run to the Surgeon quickly, fly: Or ſee my face no more. O horrid miſchance! I come, I come.

Tho. Take heed of Women, Friends, take heed of Women; They'l put ye out of Joint——they'l ſhake your Souls out. Oh, ha, my Legg! my Legg!

Launce. Your head, your head too, Sir--for your Skull being crack't, Your Brains may happen to catch cold. Ha, ha, ha! The Light's taken away, I believe ſhe's coming.

Tho. And cry out ſtill—Men believe falſely that think Age makes 'em decrepid——No, 'tis Women, 'tis Women, oh——

Launce. She comes——ſhe comes, Sir.

Tho. Sirrah, ſqueeze out a tear, or two—— Now for a ſwouning fit——ah!—— [*Lyes as in a ſwoon.*

Enter Cellide.

Cellid. Where, where are ye, Sir?

Launce. He's gone—— he's gone. Maſter——ſweet Maſter, here's *Launce* that calls——oh!——what ſhall I do?

Cellid. Oh I am miſerable! Sir, Sir——Dear Sir——Oh curſed Accident! help! help to hold up his head!

Launce. Ah 'tis ſtiff, Madam——every part of him is ſtiff; rub him, rub him.

Cellid, Here, hold this Bottle of Amber to his Noſe—Sir, Dear Sir, Open your eyes, and ſee my ſorrow for ye; 'tis I that ſpeak Sir.

For

For Heavens ſake open your Eyes——I am here. {*Holds him in her Arms.*

Tho. Ay——and ——I am here too——and well——thank my Activity; Your Bottle of Amber will be unneceſſary, And if thou ſcap'ſt me now——— [*Catches hold of her.*

Cellid. What, catch't agen! oh this ſubtle Devil!

Tho. However, I am bound in Conſcience to thank you for your kindneſs———and ſince 'tis onely Trick for Trick, Madam, we have the more reaſon to be friends—I muſt needs own my ſelf oblig'd t'ee; for the Devil take me if I have been kiſs'd ſo heartily this great while.

Launce. Ha,ha,ha---'tis ſtrange your Legs ſhou'd be cur'd already Sir; But, Madam——he is ſuch a Wagg —— ha, ha ——

Cellid. Well—I have no other way, but ſeeming to comply.

Tho. Come 'faith be kind now—I have a convenient Lodging here hard by——and one reconciling here now, will be worth Ages.

Cellid. Fye! What baſeneſs is this?

Tho. Ay, that's all one ——If I leave my ſelf to a doubt agen —— May I be Jilted as I have been —— Come Sirrah, and help——

Cellid. Hold Sir———well, now I ſee you love me; and believe Sir, this Impatiency has taken me far more than all your Addreſſes: Violence, will now be unneceſſary.

Tho. Ah, no Tricks, Madam —— to be plain with ye, if you will marry me—ſo—if not, I am reſolv'd to enjoy ye before I part, and then marry who you pleaſe.

Cellid. Nay, that ſhall not need, I ſwear, if you have a Prieſt ready--I have try'd thee long enough; and though y'are a little Wild —— I know you can love truly———ah my Dear Sweet! [*Embraces.*

Tho. Why Ay, this is like ſomething now,——Sirrah, have I not wrought her rarely?

Launce. Ay, ay, but to her, to her Sir, don't let her cool.

Tho. Come my Dear, ſhall we go in here, or to my Lodging?

Cellid. Your Lodging, no indeed——I'll have the confirmation made here, follow me; but hold, 'tis convenient the Candle be out, for if my Couſin ſees me, ſhe'll ſo laugh at me.

Tho. 'Faith, well conſider'd; beſides, light in ſuch a caſe is a little unneceſſary——Sirrah, turn the Lanthorne—ſo.

Cellid. And will you always love me?

Tho. This kiſs ſhall confirm it.

Cellid. What ye Clown--with your Hat on? and to your Miſtreſs too? You cou'd do no more if I were your Wife. {*Throwes his Hat away, and whileſt he gropes to find it, falls. She runs in, and locks the Door.*

So, I am once more Conquereſs,
Now let him catch me if he can.

Tho.

Tho. Who the Devil wou'd ha' thought, you ſhou ld expect Ceremony in the dark?—Where, where is it Sirrah?—Oh here,
Come, now let's go——I'm impatient till——
S'death what's that? { *Runs and ſtumbles over* Launce.
Launce.——Ha! She's gone Sir.
Tho. How! gone!

Cellide *above.*

Cellid. I have only leiſure now to bid you good night Sir, and wiſh your leg well cur'd—to morrow perhaps, you may hear more. *Exit.*

Tho. A Pox fetch thee—that's but the preamble.
Still thus bubbled?——Sirrah help me to curſe her.
May ſhe fall in love with an old man that's bed-rid,
Afterwards, conſider of it, deſpair, and then poyſon her ſelf with her own Mercury.

Launce. May ſhe be proud to that degree to ſcorn all her Sex,
Then get the ſmall Pox, and look like a Witch, that all her Sex may ſcorn her.

Tho. Well ſed; or may——

Launce. May ſhe get a great Belly by imagination—and when ſhe hopes to ſee the precious Off-ſpring——may it prove Fire and Brimſtone.

Tho. Well ſed agen——Gad thou haſt a pretty gift at it——but come, now let's be gone——and plot how to plague her to morrow, for if I leave her thus, may I loſe all my Fame and turn Civilian.

Men raile at Whores for Luxury and coſt,
But believe me, all you that Judgment boaſt,
'Tis your damn'd honeſt Women Filt ye moſt.

Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCNE I.

Sir Peregreene, Valentine *and* Franck.

Val. NOble Sir *Peregreene*, this unexpected favour of honouring my houſe with your Company is ſo far above my hopes—that I want words to expreſs my ſentiments of it.

Sir Per. Sir, your complements put me in mind of the Debt of grati-

gratitude I owe ye----for my Daughters kind Entertainment:——I fear I have too much treſpaſs'd upon your patience.

Val. Fye Sir *Peregreene*, I thought you had known me better than to Imagine ſo poorly of me--your Daughter I aſſure ye has been a grace to my Family.

Fra. Any one Sir that has the good fortune to be in her Company will rather think it a bleſſing, then a trouble, eſpecially if he be of my opinion.

Sir Per. Sir I thank ye, and 'twas a buſineſs of Moment that brought me hither; for yeſterday in the afternoon I had a Letter from Sir *Wilding Frollick*—— propoſing a Marriage between his Son and my Daughter.

Val. What, with Monſieur *Thomas*?

Sir Per. The ſame——I am ſo vext I forgot to bring it with me, 'twou'd have made you laugh heartily—for in my life I never ſaw ſo extravagant a ſtyle;——now Couſin my buſineſs in Town is, to put a ſtop to this Match, for I hear he comes often to her, and againſt her Will too,——does he ſo Couſin?

Val. Sometimes Sir—by way of viſit, or ſo—but not againſt her conſent, that ever I heard of, and you know Sir, 'twou'd not be civil in me to deny her viſitants.

Sir Per. Couſin, you ſay well—but we Fathers perhaps have better eyes to pry into theſe matters—then your Youngſters have; ſhe's a good Girl Sir, and I think a Fathers Indulgence ſhou'd be carefully imploy'd in beſtowing a good Girl upon a good Man.

Fra. Oh all the reaſon in the World Sir.

Sir Per. Why very well—then to be plain, his fame is none of the cleereſt—for in troth we hear in the Country, he is ten times more mad, and debauch'd ſince he came from *Paris*, then he was before——they ſay, he never ſays his Prayers.

Val. Not publiquely I think Sir—but he may be the better for that.

Sir Per. Oh no—and between you and I, I don't reliſh him—not like him I mean, and my Judgment and good liking have gone hand in hand theſe 50 years---and think I am not crazy now Sir; there is an Impoſition laid upon us Fathers----by the Law of Nature--to be Elaborate, and Zealous in our care for our Children; and though I profeſs t'ee Couſin, I entertaine no ill ſentiments as to matter of his eſtate, I do as to the matter of his manners; mark me, I ſay his manners, for, believe me, however corrupt affections—— put a falſe gloſs upon a Fathers charge, yet it is certainly requir'd of him to be very circumſpect

in his conſideration, when it tends to the diſpoſal of his Children; —but come, pray let me ſee her.

Val. Sir, I m afraid ſhe's hardly ſtirring yet—but ſhe'll ſoon be ready—I'll wait on ye Sir.

Sir Per. Couſin, your very Servant. [*Exeunt.*

Fra. This Knight is as much affected with his formal Oratory as a Judge at the Seſſions Houſe, and if his humour hold, I fear may loſe his Miſtreſs in ſpight of all his Intrigues.

Enter Hylas.

Jack, how do'ſt thou?

Hylas 'Faith, better to ſee thee ſo well agen *Franck*, but prithee haſt thou ſeen *Tom* to day?

Fra. No—what mad Rogues you were laſt night to make ſuch a noiſe.

Hyl. Did'ſt thou hear us? we were very frollickſome, that's the truth on't—for my part I thought he was mad.

Fra. Ay, but here's one come to Town, that will ſpoil his mad frollicks (her Father, *Jack*) he came early this Morning—and with intent to ſtop all proceedings.

Hyl. Her Father! S'death what luck's this—where is he?

Fra. Gone in with *Val.* to ſee her—come, go with me, I'll help thee to the ſight of him.

Hyl. With all my heart, it may be I may do him a kindneſs by it—Pox on him, has he ſmelt the buſineſs out already? *Exit.*

Enter Monſieur Thomas, Lucilla, *and* Launce.

Tho. Sirrah, ſtay you there and watch—— (*Exit* Launce. Her Father in Town ſay'ſt thou?

Lucill. Yes Sir, he came this morning; and ſince your bounty Sir has made me your Creature—— I cannot but inform you that he is much incens'd againſt you——and if he ſees you—— he may perhaps fly into more Paſſion.

Tho. I'll be gone then. Damn'd Rogue, that he did not give me warning!

Lucill. Sir, There's no going out there, if you do you'l meet him, You muſt have a little patience—— come hither—— here's a ſtanding Preſs——that my Maſter uſes to hang Cloathes in, Get in here and you are ſafe, I'm ſure they will not ſtay long.

Tho. Pox, mew'd like a Cat in a Cupboard——what damn'd luck's this! [*Gets into the Preſs.*

Enter

Enter Sir Peregreene, Valentine, Franck, Hylas, Cellide, *and* Sabina.

Sir *Per.* Couſin, it has been longer my ſtudy——therefore I ſhou'd know more of Men and Manners than you—— Mum, mum——I ſay to you once more ſhe ſhall not have him.

Val. Sir, I am ſorry he has the ill fortune to be no better known to ye; but 'tis fit your Judgment ſhou'd have precedency, eſpecially, as to this affair.

Cellid. Ha, ha, ha——there in that Preſs ſay'ſt thou?

Lucill. Yes, Madam, and I warrant in an Ague by this time.

Cellid. Huſh, not a word on't——I'll plague him for his laſt nights work; Sir I hope you know my Obedience is ſo ſettled, to believe my Youth ſhall never make me throw my ſelf away upon a Man——you diſlike——and one that I confeſs is the General of all miſchief——and the lewdeſt, and moſt debauch'd perſon in Town.

Tho. So——ſhe has hit me to a hair—— [*Peeping out.*

Sabin. Her mind is very ſuddenly alter'd, or elſe this muſt be Cunning.

Sir *Per.* Child, remember my Caution, my bleſſing ſhall follow; and obſerve this as a Maxime, (which though not in *Epithetus*, yet is in *Aratine*—— or ſome ſuch merry Book, which in troth I have forgot) *That the Marriage Bed is never happy, except the Father eats part of the Poſſet*——'tis ſomewhat familiar, but the ſence is ſtrong.

Hyl. Very ſtrong Sir, and in my Judgment extends to many things.

Sir *Per.* It does ſo. Do ye know this Man we ſpeak of Sir?

Hyl. Some ſmall acquaintance, Sir——his Perſon, not his humour.

Sir *Per.* Your name good Sir.

Hyl. Hylas—at your Service——Sir *Robert Hylas* Son of *Eſſex.*

Sir Per. Indeed? let me embrace ye——your Father was my Intimate and good Friend; are you Sir *Robert Hylas* Son, ſay ye? By my faith, I am glad to ſee you. Your Father was the beſt Man of Land we had in *Eſſex*, when I knew him.

Hyl. I think he had enough to keep him warm Sir.

Sir Per. And you I think are his Heir——let me embrace ye once more——faith, I ſhou'd think my Daughter better beſtow'd, if—— but I'll not begin.

Hyl. Hum!——his Daughter——Sir I have 15 hundred or ſo; this wou'd be rare——and ſhe's a delicate Girle——Well——ſit faſt Monſieur *Thomas*——I never refuſe bleſſings, I.

Sir. Per. A man of no Principles; no, I will not have you think of him.

Cellid. I will not Sir—— but as of a Mad-man.

Sir Per. A Whirligigg.

Cellid. A Monſter—that on my Conſcience—has more Wenches—that take pay of him, than the Grand Signior has.

Tho. That's a lye, for I never paid a Whore in my life. [*Peeps out.*

Cellid. What think ye Sir?—— I'm ſure you cannot but be more my Friend than his——Pray ſpeak.

Hyl. 'Faith ſhe ſeems willing too—— well, I begin to be damnably in Love——this muſt be the Twentieth, I find it.

Cellid. Will you be ſo unkind to be ſilent, Sir?—— I'm ſure this [*Aſide.* galls him. Is he not the baſeſt fellow in Town?

Hyl. In Town? nay in Chriſtendome—— I think he's the greateſt Corrupter of Youth, and Debaucher of Women in the whole World.

Tho. A Rare Rogue!

Cellid. I marry him? what, a Fellow that makes it his buſineſs to be wicked?

Hyl. That never conſiders on his latter end, but Wenches on to perpetuity.

Cellid. Ay, and that never is out of a courſe of Phyſick, but to gain time to get in agen.

Hyl. Right, Madam—— that never will be found—— nor I think hardly ever was.

Tho. Very well, the Raſcall's witty now he thinks me abſent,
But I ſhall make you ſmart for this my damn'd Friend, I ſhall.

Val. Is this done like a Friend, *Jack*?

Hyl. No 'faith; but 'tis like a man in Love, and that hopes to bubble his Friend tho.

Fra. Be not too confident of your ſucceſs—— there will be ſome danger in't; for you know he dares fight.

Hyl. Ay, but he is abſent now——why when I ſee him Man, I'll forſwear all agen.

Tho. The Rogue has a tender Conſcience however. [*Aſide.*

Sir Per. Mr. *Hylas*—introth I like your humour, and Company ſo well, That I deſire to have you acquainted with my Daughter; ſhe's a good Girle Sir—— Pray be familiar with her. *Cellide*, Prithee look on this Gentleman—— 'faith he pleaſes me well.

Cellid. Sir, I cannot doubt but in a little time his Merit, and Witty converſation——will give me the content you receive in him—— Now he frets rarely. [*Aſide.*

Sabin. Still more ſtrange!—— ſure 'tis not poſſible ſhe can be thus flexible.

Sir

Sir Per. Prithee go, and addreſs--- I believe ſhe has a mind to thee.

Hyl. Your humble Servant, Sir —— 'tis a happineſs too great; 'S'death, this is the Civill'ſt Old Fellow —— I ever met with —— Madam, be pleas'd to enroll me among your Vaſſals.

Cellid. My Father's pleaſure prefers ye Sir—you may command me.

Tho. Very fine —— Faith I have been debauch'd to fine purpoſe if this laſt;——but the worſt is, that this dull Rogue ſhou'd bubble me—— 'S'death I ſhan'not have patience.

Hyl. The Devil take me *Val.* if I can help this, 'tis a Fortune thrown upon me——and you know if it were your own caſe——

Val. I'll not be concern'd in't Sir——if you'l venture a Beating, You may do what you pleaſe.

Enter Servants, bringing in Launce.

Serv. Sir, here's a ſuſpitious Fellow, has been prying up and down the houſe for above this hour; I believe h'has ſtole ſomething.

Launce. Jernie, ſtole ſomething!--I'll be Judg'd by all dis Company, who look moſt like a the Thief, you or I.

Cellid. O Raſcal, are you here? examine him Sir, here's one Plot or other contriving.

Hyl. Sir—this is his Raſcal, his Procurer——one that he employes to ſet his Whores for him.

Sir Per. Oh--is he ſo--I thought there was more in't than ordinary, Bring him before me.

Val. Sirrah, bear up boldly, and fear nothing, I'll ſtand thy Friend.

Launce. Well, well--and what have you to ſay to me you Son of a—— I ſay Sir——what have you to ſay to me?

Hyl. I ſay, you are his Pimp, Sir--and by the leave of this Company ſhall be whipp'd, and toſs'd in a Blanket.

Launce. Ah no! —— a Jirk or ſo, if you pleaſe——but no Blanket, That is a little too ungentile—Jernie, when did you ever ſee a *Frenchman* toſs'd in a Blanket?—Where the Devil is my Maſter gone now?

Sir Per. Stand by, Let me examine him; Friend, it agrees not with the reſerv'dneſs, and ſolidity of your Countenance, to be ſo far forgetful of your ſelf, as to embroile, Or rather Incumber your Wit, about this Criminal Affair.

Launce. Your Servant, Sir.

Sir Per. Come, be genuine with me--here's a Protector's half Crown for thee--two ſhillings five pence *ſterling*—and let it be a Key to unlock thy heart——Do'ſt thou come upon any Siniſter Deſign?

Launce. Sir, upon my faith—— I ſtood there only to watch, that was all.

Sir

Sir Per. To watch us—— oh——

Cellid. Plac'd as a Spy Sir—come deal freely, and I'll entertain thee; What new Pranck is your Maſter about?

Sir Per. Tell that, I've another Protector for thee.

Launce. Why then Sir, to ſay the truth, my Maſter is a plaguy—— Debauch't Fellow--he never goes to Church -he ſayes there's no good Company there; and my buſineſs here was to give him warning—— if any came to diſturb him when he was with this Lady.

Sir Per. 'Tis plain now he wou'd have raviſh't her— go fetch me a Cudgel, I'le make you an Example.

Launce. O Lord, Sir, what d'ee mean? } *Opens the Door of the Preſs, and* Tho. *is diſcover'd.*

Tho. There's for your Commendations, Dogg.

Omnes. How!—— in the Preſs?

Cellid. Ay, 'tis evident—he came to rob the houſe.

Tho. Nothing but confidence can bring me off, therefore have at 'em—well, Gentlemen—have you look't your fill?--pray obſerve me once agen; 'tis I, I aſſure ye.

Hyl. How!—has he heard all then?—what will become of me?

Val. This is a little uncivil, by your favour, to hide your ſelf in my houſe without my knowledge.

Sir Per. Hold Couſin—let me ſpeak—Sir—— to lay the Law t'ee, wou'd perhaps be inſignificant, you not underſtanding it; Reaſon too is loſt upon ye, becauſe you are a Mad-man—— Yet, though theſe two fail—— anger——has its full power; Nor ſhall my Daughter want a Champion—whil'ſt ſhe has a Father--- You conceive me Sir—— Prepare your ſelf.

Hyl. Take him at his word—— I'll be thy Second.

Tho. What, in a Game at Tennis?—— but now I think on't, thou art too dull for that too——for thy Wit and Courage have been much of a ſtamp ever ſince I knew thee. Huſh, not a word more——I'll talk with you anon, Sir.

Hyl. I ſhall be ſwing'd—— I ſee there's no remedy.

Tho. Now for my faculty, I'm reſolv'd this Jilt ſhall not carry it off ſo——Sir, ſince I ſee you are a Man of Honour, and Jealous, and mindful of Injuries, and for ſome reaſon beſt known to my ſelf, being now reſolv'd that all ſhall out——know, 'twas by your Daughters contrivance——that I was ſhut up here.

Sir Per. My Daughters?

Cellid. Very well, he's fetching it off with a lye, but that ſhan't do; ——heark'ee, Sir, what d'ee mean by that?

Tho.

Tho. Nay, Madam—— what did you mean by it, Sir, for me to ſay ſhe is honeſt

Sabin. Is a lye?

Cellid. Oh Heavens!

Tho. Wou'd not be, I confeſs, ſo like a Gentleman, but that ſhe is given to ſubtlety, and wantonneſs—— give me leave to confirm it; For to be faithful with you, this was the day appointed for a certain buſineſs 'twixt ſhe and I. You underſtand me, to which purpoſe I was ſhut up there—— 'faith I muſt needs ſay much againſt my own good humour and Inclinations.

Sir Per. Umph——I begin to diſcern it now, this was a Plot—— Huſwife——ſee my face no more.

Cellid. Oh horrid Impudence! Pray hear me ſpeak, Sir.

Val. Sir, this muſt not paſs upon this Lady without better grounds.

Tho. Sir, you ſhall have what ground you pleaſe, and Where. What Madam, I warrant you are amaz'd at this?

Cellid. I do confeſs I am.

Tho. Hark ye, Sir—d'ee hear that?—ſhe confeſſes it—after this—— ſure there's nothing remains to prove the truth of my Story: Madam, I am heartily ſorry, it ſhou'd be my ill fortune to relate this—— but you muſt pardon me—I do it for the diſcharge of my Conſcience, and ſo your moſt devoted—hearк ye, ſhall I lye with ye to night?—— Be kind—I'll recover all yet—I'll ſtay half an hour for your anſwer at the next Tavern; conſider on't——

Gentlemen your Servant—and You Sir—— [*To* Hylas.

A part of whoſe Noſe I deſire to be oblig'd with as a remedy againſt my Cold —— my kind good natur'd civil Son of a Whore—— Your Servant, Sir.

Hyl. Pox on him—what a plaguy twitch he gave me.

Launce. I hope he has forgot me, but I muſt follow him, and if he will be contented with a Limb—I'm happy. [*Exit.*

Sir Per. My rage has almoſt ſuffocated me—but I'll inſtantly go and cut off the Intail of my Eſtate, and leave her as deſpicable as ſhe has left her honour.

Fra. Sir, let reaſon mitigate your paſſion, this may be all falſe.

Val. May be, upon my life it is——Pray Sir, let me ſpeak a word with ye in private. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Per. Infamous Creature!

Cellid. Was ever ſuch an Impudent lye carried ſo proſperouſly? By Heaven I was ſo confounded, I had no power to ſpeak a word: I muſt have this recover'd, and ſuddenly, I'm undone elſe.——

He

He told me when he went —— he wou'd ſtay for my anſwer at the next Tavern— go you inſtantly, and tell him I have conſider'd, and deſire to ſpeak with him privately in my Chamber.

Lucill. Yes, Madam, and I'll warrant I'll bring him back. [*Exit.*

Cellid. I have one Trick more in my head, that if it proſpers, is certain to recover all yet; for the Love I had for him is ſo turn'd in a deſire of Revenge—that I cannot reſt till it be done.

Enter Mrs. Dorothy.

How, his Siſter? ſhe muſt know nothing.

Doro. What, alwayes in Contemplation? ſhall I never find thee otherwiſe?—— Why, thou haſt quite deſerted thy merry humour; Prithee *Cellide*, what ayl'ſt thou?

Cellid. Now I think on't, her Company may be advantagious to me, If made uſe of rightly—Come—thou ſhalt know all, and I muſt therefore confeſs the ſubject of my thoughts was thy mad Brother.

Doro. What, are ye reconcil'd? I am glad of that.

Cellid. In a fair way to't--hee'l be here within this hour, to confirm the bargain—and if I cou'd, I wou'd have his Father be by, and overhear it.

Doro. I'm ſure hee'l come willingly, for he's very much pleas'd with the Match, tho' our Father be againſt it.

Cellid. Do, and I'll Order my Woman to place him conveniently.

Doro. Ha, ha, ha, we ſhall have rare ſport. [*Exit.*

Cellid. Rare ſport indeed—as I will order it—for his Father, and Siſter to be by—when I put the Trick upon, will be a rare venture—heark, I think he's coming, I'll to my Chamber, and prepare for him.

Enter Launce.

Lucill. What, Sir, d'ee think I tell ye a lye?—I hope you ſee more grace in my Phyſiognomy——than to believe that.

Tho. Ay gad, if Deformity be a grace in a Woman—thou I confeſs haſt a conſiderable ſhare on't.

Lucill. Come, good Sir, ſpare your Expreſſions till ye come to my Lady.

Tho. Away then—— Sirrah, for the laſt buſineſs I forgive ye. But if you fail in your charge agen.

Launce. No Sir, I'll be doubly careful now——I underſtand my Trade.

What

What a Devil, I have not been a Pimp ſo long for nothing.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

Enter Cellide, *and Servants.*

Cellid. You ſhall find me bountiful—but be ſure to do as I bid ye, and be all ready when I give the Sign, then leave the reſt to me.

Servants. Madam, we will not fail.

Cellid. Away then, and watch your time.

Enter Lucilla.

Lucill. Madam, he's come.

Cellid. So. Is he alone?

Lucill. No Madam, his Man is with him.

Cell. Then 'tis as I wou'd have it; for I am reſolv'd that Raſcall ſhall partake in my revenge——be ſure you are ready with a Rope when I give the word.

Lucill. Yes, Madam, I warrant ye.

Cellid. But firſt, go to my Father, and tell him my Deſign to prove my Innocence—— and when his Father comes, place both the Old Men in that Window there, where they may ſee all; Away, I hear him coming. [*Exit* Lucilla.

Enter Thomas *and* Launce.

Tho. Ha, ha, ha—— have you conſider'd then, Madam? Will you allow me a Man of Wit now? ha, ha, ha.

Cellid. Nay, I confeſs I deſerve you ſhou'd laugh at me for ſending to ye——but I ſwear I was not able to let you go, till you had ask't my pardon for the affront you put upon me.

Tho. An affront? not in the leaſt 'faith——a little harmleſs rallery, that was all——why thou art not ſuch a Fool to think my Father believ'd me, Do'ſt? No, no, he knew I was in Jeſt.

Launce. Now is he going about another Swinger—well, I believe I have the lying'ſt Son of a Whore to my Maſter that ever was born—fifty an hour is nothing to him.——

Cell. A Jeſt?—— what your ſwearing that I ſhut ye into the Preſs with Intent to have you lye with me? a Jeſt?

Tho. Nothing elſe upon my Faith.—— Come, let all be forgot; and ſince we have given proof of one another's Wit—— let us now

come to the tryal of our Perſons—Come my Dear—your promiſe—Pox, muſt

Enter Lucilla.

This Creature moleſt us now?—Prithee ſend the Bawd of an errand.

Cellid. Promiſe, or not Sir—you are like to ſtay till we are married, I'll aſſure ye—— Well, are they come? and have you plac'd 'em as I order'd ye?

Lucill. Yes, Madam, there in that Window——look up, you may ſee 'em.

Sir Wilding *and Sir* Peregreene *above in a diſguiſe.*

Sir Wild. Ha, ha, ha,—the Rogue has her there—Now I ſhall ſee if he behaves himſelf like a Cock of Four, or no.

Sir Per. And I ſhall ſee how ſhe behaves her ſelf—but Mum——

Tho. Come, prithee leave whiſpering; Theſe Young Bawds are never good for any thing but miſchief.

Cellid. She ſhall be gone immediately——but firſt for the ſafety of my Honour, confeſs before her—that what you ſed in the Hall before my Father, was a lye.

Tho. Well, I confeſs it was——now begone Miſtris, be gone I ſay; and do you, Sirrah, hide your ſelf below till I come, and be ſure you are not ſeen.

Cellid. Hold, I muſt have a word with him firſt—— be gone, and get the Rope ready. [*To* Lucilla.

Tho. With Him?—Pox, prithee loſe none of thy breath with Him, let Him go.

Cellid. 'Tis for your ſafety, Sir.

Sir Wild. So, now the Old Woman's gone—now Cock of Four.

Cellid. Friend, there is a weighty buſineſs impos'd upon you, for your Maſter's good; for Sir *Ferdinand* had never pull'd him by the Ears——if Pomgranats had been in ſeaſon. Now you being a Scholar, and *Homer* you know loving Paremains—— ſent all the Lobſters in the *Levant* to *Maſſinello* the Fiſher-man—You underſtand me?

Launce. Yes, yes——gads noons not a word——not I——You ſay, Madam, that I being a Scholar, proceed——pray.

Cellid. You, I ſay, having read *Ariſtotle*——and knowing Mice to be very deſtructive to the Common-Wealth, cannot but conſider what your Maſter may ſuffer; for there is as much difference in Perrukes, as in Bucklers, and the Cardinal *Bobinello* looſing one of his Teeth with a Skirmiſh 'twixt him, and the Pigmies——Your Maſter's

Intereſt

Intereſt will be left in the hand of Sir *Jeoffry*, or the *Heere Hander van Dander Scopen*; D'ee conceive me?

Launce. Yes, yes, I think I do. Madam, I ſpeak 8. Languages; I aſſure ye therefore, I think I underſtand ye.

Enter Lucilla *above with a Rope.*

Tho. Come, come, Madam—— what buſineſs can ſhe have with this dull Rogue?

Cellid. Oh ſhe is ready I ſee—— Now Sir, I come to ye.

Servant. Nay Sir, no ſtruggling, our Power ſhall maſter ye. } *Stamps, and they all come in, and diſarm and bind him.*

Tho. Damn'd, Cowardly Dogs— and damn'd dull Rogue as I was to venture my ſelf here, knowing her ſo well.

Cellid. What, you are running away, Sirrah, are ye? come, the Rope, the Rope quickly.

Launce. O mercy, mercy! Why you will not be guilty of ſuch barbarity, will you? to hang up 8 Languages? } Lucilla *throwes a Rope down, and they tye it about* Launce *his Neck.*

Sir Wild. How, how, *Tom*? beſet, and bound—— then 'tis time to diſcover my ſelf—Courage, *Tom*—Courage, I am here—— I'm here.

Sir Per. Ay, and I am here too, Sir—— nay, ſit ſtill—for here's no getting out.

Sir Wild. How Sir *Peregreene*—'S'bud, this was a Plot, I find it now. } *Diſcovers himſelf.*

Cellid. So, this Service has oblig'd me—— but now begone all, and leave him to me. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Tho. My Father here too! Pox, this is worſt of all—— Oh I cou'd curſe now! well, he that loves a Woman, loves his Torment—— and he that Courts her——

Cellid. Ha, ha, ha, have you conſider'd yet, Sir?—— will ye allow me a Woman of Wit now? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Per. Ha, ha, ha—— a Rare Girle I profeſs.

Tho. Ha, ha, ha; well, I was a damn'd Inſipid Rogue, that's the truth on't—— but Madam, little did I think you cou'd have been thus ungrateful.

Cell. Ungrateful! why thou ſhallow inconſiderate unthinking fool, Cou'dſt thou Imagine I cou'd ſleep—— and leave thy laſt affront unpuniſh't? No, all my Faculties were turn'd to Thought & Revenge. Nor get ye your Liberty, till I have it throughly.

Launce. But what harm did I do, Madam? You know I took your part——oh——

Lucill. What, Sirrah, are you prating? I'll ſtop your noiſe.

Tho. Well, I ſhall get looſe agen —— and then if you perſiſt in this uſage, I ſhall then be implacable——You know, Madam, I have Wit.

Cellid. What, d'ee threaten me?—I know you have Wit; Where, where is it? for my part, I am blind to it; but I can give ye ſome, Sir —thus——and thus—— [*Strikes him.*

Tho. Who' Pox—Prithee forbear—'S'death, this is barbarous.

Cellid. O, 'tis a bleſſing you want, Sir—— and pray let me infuſe it into ye——You cheated me, I remember, with your broken Legg, laſt Night Sir, and roar'd, and howl'd, and laugh't and fool'd me Sir.

Tho. Oh Devil, this is paſt ſufferance.

Cellid. Told a ſwinging lye this morning to prove me a Whore, Sir, to my Father; for which there is a ſwinging cuff, Sir.

Tho Umph——nay enough, enough——come——I'll reform.

Launce. And ſo will I too—— I'll never Pimp for him, no ——oh ——

Lucill. Still prating, Raſcal?

Sir Wild. Oh that plaguy Quean—that brought me hither.

Sir Per. You muſt have patience, Sir——a ſweet Girle I profeſs.

Enter Sabina.

Sabin. What, is the *Monſieur* catch't?——the plotting *Monſieur*? Ha, ha, ha —— this is ſtrange I ſwear Sir—— where was all your Wit?

Tho. Dam her, Is ſhe come too?

Cellid. Ay, where indeed——ah Couſin, he's ſo cruel to me, here have I lain languiſhing this hour, and not ſo much as a kind word from him. {*Throwes her ſelf on a Chair.*

Tho. Ah Devil!

Sabin. Ha, ha, ha—what, and his Spaniel here too? What, Sirrah, Cannot your 8 Languages free ye from that Rope?

Launce. Ah, wou'd they cou'd.

Cellid. Now I think on't—— I ſhou'd beſtow a little Wit on you, Sirrah——my Lying——Pimping——Ugly Impudent Varlet—— There's for ye Sir.

Launce. Oh! wou'd my Maſter had been hang'd ſeven years ago, rather than I had come to this—— oh——

Lucill. Again Rogue, agen; ah 'tis gone. {*Goes to pull him, and lets fall the Rope.*

Launce. Oones I am deliver'd by Miracle; Look up, Sir, look up——I am free——Nay, 'faith Madam, I beg your pardon, I muſt be Porter now. [*Runs, and ſtands in the Door.*

Tho.

Tho. How? free? nay then, Fate is mine agen, Sirrah, lock the Door, and take out the Key.

Launce. 'Tis done, Sir.

Tho. Come then, unbind me quickly.

Cellid. Cur'ſt Accident——Catch't agen? —— help, help.

Sabin. Help, help.

Tho. Ay, Faith—I'll help ye preſently, Your humble Servant, and Devoted Lover, Madam, is making what haſte he can.

Sir Per. How! at Liberty?——Nay then 'tis time to help indeed.

Sir Wild. By *Bacchus*, Sir, but you ſhall not——now 'tis my turn to be Porter; Now Son *Thomas*—now Cock of Four—now Rogue, now.

Tho. Sirrah, for this piece of Service--there's a Lady for ye; [*Sabina.* Take her, be thankful, and multiply.

Launce. Ha, ha,—— with all my heart 'faith—— come Madam, 'gad I have not had a touch a great while.

Tho. Ha, ha, ha,—— ha, ha, ha, what think ye now, Madam? Wheres your Wit now?—Did I not tell you what a ſtubborn denyal muſt come to? 'gad if thou ſcap'ſt me now——let me be recorded an Aſs, and my Story put into a Ballad. [*Goes to undreſs her.*

Cellid. Nay, do not diſhonour me good Sir; if you love me—— I'm ſure you will not—— I confeſs I have wrong'd ye.

Tho. Dam Confeſſions, Madam—— do that when the buſineſs is done, and then I'll confeſs with ye.

Launce. And I muſt confeſs too.

Cellid. Kind, Dear Sweet Sir, help, help!

Sir Wild. Well ſed *Tom*, Well ſed *Tom*, to her agen Son *Thomas*, to her agen Boy—— ha, ha, ha.

Sir Per. Raſcal, Villain, Debauch'd Villain, thou wilt not raviſh her, wilt thou?

Tho. No, no, Sir, upon my Faith not I; I'll onely lye with her, that's all.

Sir Per. Why, thou wilt not lye with her before my face?

Tho. Yes but I will tho'— and before my own Father's face too; But for your ſake, Sir, I'll uſe her as kindly as I can.

Launce. 'Gads noones, this is ſport. [*Knock at the Door.*

Sabin. Savage, Barb'rous Villain— oh Heaven! what ſin have I committed, to undergo this puniſhment? help, help, help——

Cellid. Rather kill me Sir, than do it. Help, help. [*Knock within.*

Tho. Apox on 'em—they have taken the Alarm--I ſee--'gad I muſt diſpatch— I find I ſhall be hinder'd elſe. {*Takes her in his Arms, and*

Cellid. Help, help,— I'm undone elſe— { *carries her to the Cloſet.*

help, help. *Enter*

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'S'death! What Barbarity is this?——what were you going to do with the Lady, Sir? ha?

Tho. Why, I was going to teach her a new Dance, *Val.*

Val. Ay, I believe 'twas a Dance indeed.

Enter Sir Peregreene, *Sir* Wilding, Franck, Hylas.

Sir Per. Kill him, kill him——let him be murder'd—let me come to him.

Val. Hold, hold Sir——this muſt not be in my houſe.

Sir Per. I'll lay the Statute of Raviſhment againſt him, I'll have him hang'd, I'll take the Law on him.

Sir Wild. You take a Coxcomb, will you?——*Tom*, give me thy hand, Fifteen hundred a year is thy own for this dayes work; And now talk of the Law, Sir, if you dare——*Tom* and I will ſwinge ye.

Tho. Now, Madam, cou'd not you have ſav'd all this, and been willing?

Cellid. Impudent Man! cou'd no entreaty prevail with ye? Well, from this inſtant I'll ſhun thee as I wou'd the Plague; and if I do ſpeak of thee, it ſhall be with Scorn, and Deriſion--to curſe thy ill Nature--and Ingratitude--- to which purpoſe I this Moment baniſh all ſparks of Love—and do here ſolemnly vow——Never to ſee thee more.

Sabin. Nor I, unleſs it be to revenge this baſeneſs. [*Exeunt.*

Tho. A Pox on't, this comes of Interruption,
if they had but ſtay'd a little longer, that I might have had earneſt of her, all had been ſure;——but one Weeks humble Addreſs ſhall make all well agen, ſhall it not, Sir?

Sir Per. No Sir, Nor believe I'll put up this affront ſo tamely: You ſhall hear from me, aſſure your ſelf. [*Exit.*

Sir Wild. Ah, let him go, *Tom*——the Old Fool frets——ha, ha.

Launce. A Pox on't, I have had the greateſt Loſs——for methought my Nymph began to be willing.

Sir Wild. Thou wilt?

Tho. I warrant ye, Sir; And now to you my Friends—firſt *Val.* I beg thy pardon for offering this in thy houſe——Pritheeforget all—and from this Minute--- aſſure thy ſelf--- I am thy Friend indeed.

Val. Well Sir---having ſome Intereſt in the reſt of your Frollicks, I have the more reaſon to bear with this--- eſpecially ſince 'twas onely a Deſign——But had you gone through with your Dance—— You and I ſhou'd have made but a kind of a ſcurvy Salutation.

Tho. For thy ſake onely, I am glad it hapned otherwiſe—— Dear *Franck*, give me thy hand too.

Fra.

Fra. With all my Heart——and believe I ſhare a great deal of content in ſeeing you two friends; for when I came in firſt——I gueſt it wou'd be otherwiſe——

Tho. I believe thou did'ſt.—— What *Jack* art thou behind? here come forth, and give me thy hand too——Come, all is forgot; Thou art a damn'd Inconſtant Rogue, I believe thou wilt confeſs it: but let that paſs. We have all our failings.

Hyl. We have ſo—but this Kindneſs in thee has ſo oblig'd me—— that I am reſolv'd to deſert my Roaring Humour, and turn all into Friendſhip for thee.

Sir Wild. Well ſed Cock of Four——'gad I like it well—— Come Gentlemen——Pray let me Invite ye to my houſe—— I'll provide a Collation, and we'l be heartily merry.

Tho. Come, you ſhall go 'faith——for I am reſolv'd to give my farewel to Intrigues, with a free and merry heart; and 'tis fit that you that are my Friends, ſhou'd be now my Witneſſes, as you ſhall be when I go through the t'other Gate, Marriage. And tho' this kind of life is leaſt troubleſome; t'other is certainly moſt ſafe: eſpecially, if a Man can change his Temper, elſe 'tis a Plague to him. For Marriage to a Debauchee, is a ſecond Purgatory; It gives him onely a Proſpect of Joy, or Torment, without knowing which he ſhall arrive to. But I hope I know my ſelf better, than to venture without great Conſideration to ſuch Uncertainties.

Looſe Love like a thin Garment ſerves us ill,
And though wee'r pleas'd with it, we ſhiver ſtill;
But I'm confirm'd, let th' Age be what it will,
What ever Nature in a Miſs deſign'd,
Wives only are the Bleſſing of Mankind.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *Mohun.*

THat I have been a Mad Old Fool to Night,
I need not tell you; but to ſet all right,
The Poet now makes me a Paraſite.
Sends me to flatter ye, and beg Excuſe,
For the Inſipid Errors of his Muſe:
He bids me ſay, the leſs to ſhow his Guilt,
On the Foundation Fletcher *laid, he built;*
New dreſt his Modiſh Spark fit to be ſhown,
And made him more Debauch'd, t'oblige the Town.
Drink, Rant and Sing, he now takes pains to be
A perfect and accompliſh'd Debauchee.
But Criticks, you that never yet were known
To think there could be Sence above your own;
You that do ſurfet on the Spoyles of Witt,
And ſtill have leſs to ſhew, the more you get.
(Like barren Ground that ſwallowes up the Rain,
Yet is by th' Induſtrious Hand Manur'd in vain,)
Will in your Cenſures your Ill Natures ſhow,
And with your Weeds choak up the Grain we ſowe.
I know you'l cry, Confound this tedious Stuff,
He has not made the Spark half mad enough;
He ſhould have been all Air, and th' Mode purſue,
That is, keep Miſs, kick Wife, and Run Men through:
Aſhore you give good proofs of this each day;
Pray Heav'n you hold and prove as mad at Sea.
But that I think there's none can doubt or fear;
No,—Witt's a greater Plague to you than Warr.
Witt that is now us'd like a Common ſlave,
Both by thoſe have none, as well as thoſe that have.
Therefore againſt ſuch to procure defence,
Not doubting th' Aid of all the Men of Sence,
The Poet now the Ladies help do's Crave,
That with a frown or ſmile can damn or ſave.
And as the Mighty God of Witt ſhines clear,
And ſhines upon his Fav'rites once a Year;
From them that Sacred Influence let him find,
That he may ſay he Once found Beauty kind.

FINIS.